Saturday Review

February 1, 1964 25¢

SR / RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

# BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW BOSSES

## Can Science open a new era in human shelter?

By John Lear

## Stitching the World Together

By Philip C. Jessup

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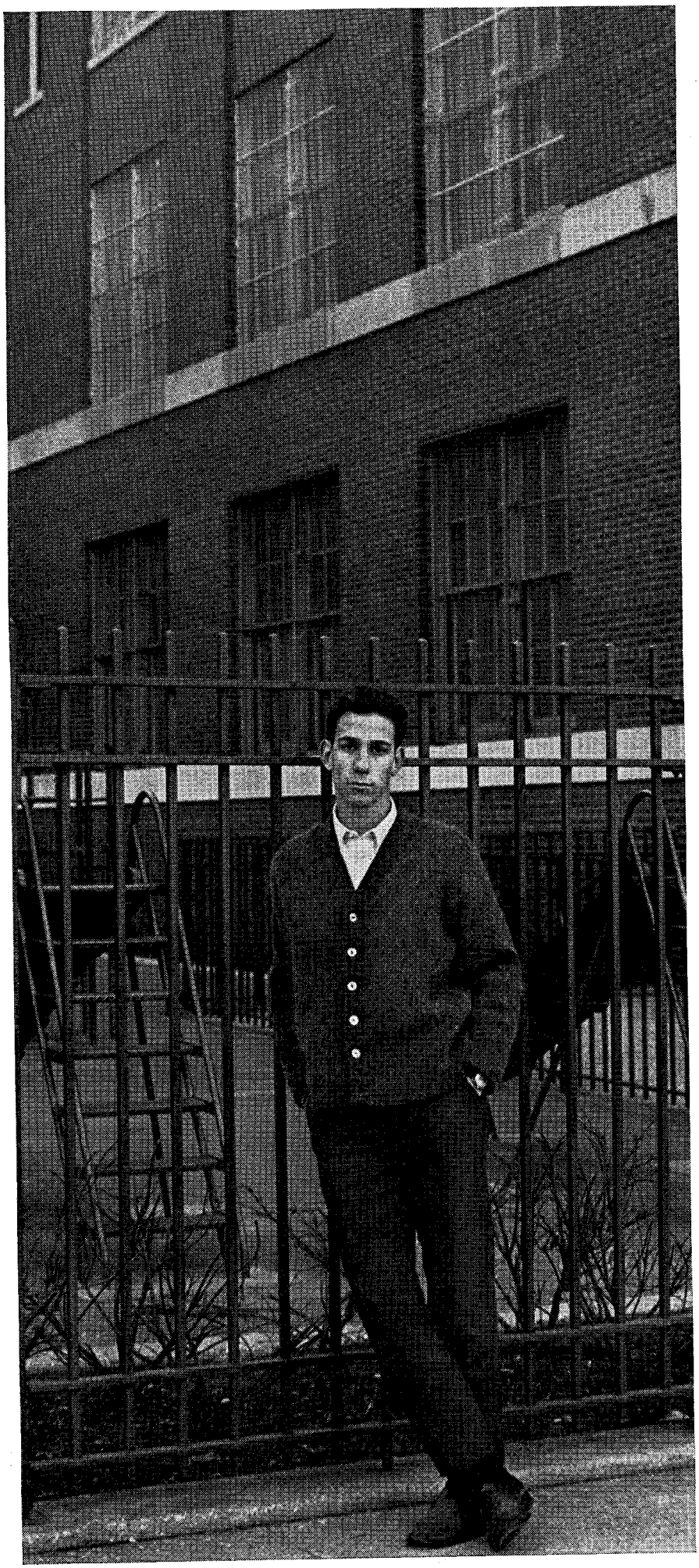

# The shock truth

## about the parents of poor students

***Did you know that parents can kill a child's appetite for learning before he ever sets foot in school?***

**That you can unwittingly condemn your child to poor grades, even to becoming a dropout?**

***It's true. But it's also true that you can double your child's chances of making consistently high marks.***

**The difference is largely up to you. If you care about it, please read this thought-provoking message from Great Books.**

In America today, three quarters of a million youngsters every year drop out before they graduate from high school. And if you think they're all "slum" kids or "dumb" kids, you're in for a shock.

The facts indicate that half or more of dropouts have normal IQ or better. And nearly one out of five has *120 IQ or more.*

What a waste! But even worse, Educational Testing Service says that fifty thousand "are among the nation's potentially most able students."

***Dropouts.*** Failures at school, because their parents failed them at home. Chances are, your youngsters won't drop out. But is any one of us doing all he can?

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# ing

Many come from big-city slums, but thousands upon thousands come from the suburbs and from small towns. Some may even come from your own neighborhood. You may even know them.

How do these bright, normal youngsters go wrong? The answer's not easy to take.

### Here's why they drop out

More than one authority says that the lack of reading ability is at the very heart of the dropout problem.

And who's to blame? Not the schools, as you may think. *These youngsters fail in life, because Mom and Dad fail them at home.*

Maybe without even knowing it, some parents teach their boys and girls to despise school and all intellectual activity.

And the moment you teach a child to scorn "book learning," the damage is done.

### Learning—a pleasure or a hell

A child can discover, in learning, an exciting world of pleasure or a boring, depressive, senseless hell.

Where does he learn this lesson? Too often, the root of the trouble lies at home. The kind of home where ideas are never discussed and nobody reads anything worthwhile. Where you can look high and low and not find one decent book. Where culture is thought to be a waste of money.

### Well fed but "culturally deprived"

There's a new name for children from homes like this. Sociologists and educators call them the "culturally deprived."

They may be well fed and well clothed. Even coddled and overindulged. But without a home atmosphere where reading and learning are held in respect, these children face a dead end. A future with no future.

You've seen them hanging around the street corners. Sixteen years old and nothing to look forward to.

### How much are you helping your child?

Of course, dropouts are the extreme.

But is anyone of us doing all he can? Are you, for example, actively cultivating love of learning in your home? Are you continuing your own pursuit of the books that are really worthwhile?

By creating the right environment at home, you can literally double your child's chances of making high marks at school. And as thousands of families already know, owning and using Great Books is one of the best ways to create the right environment.

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With the Syntopicon you can look up everything the great authors have written on any given subject, in minutes instead of days.

And this priceless work is available *only* with Great Books.

### Here's how you help your children to success

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And you find that you're passing this stimulation, this love for learning on to your children—as easily, as naturally as the parents of dropouts pass their tragic contempt for "book learning" on to their children.

And once your youngsters reach high school, they'll be using Great Books and the Syntopicon more and more often to help them write A-grade themes, and to prepare their minds for college days ahead.

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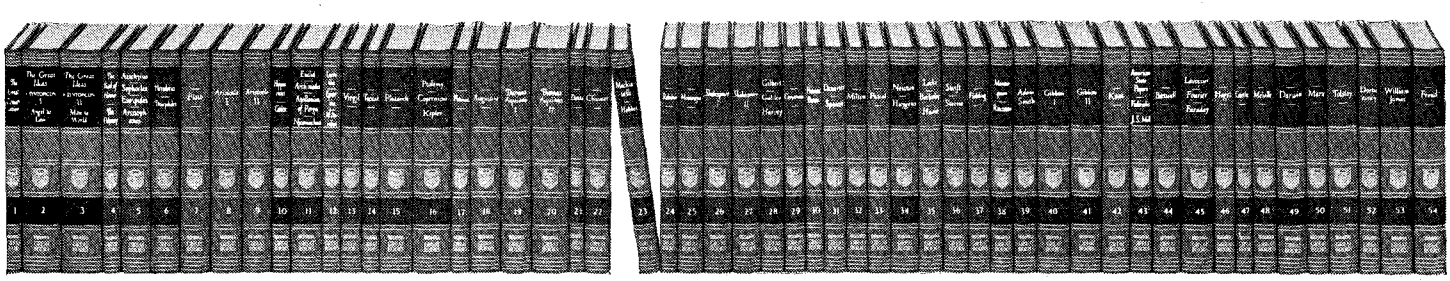

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*Saturday Review*

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### *Do you know...*

- That Russia once governed a part of California?
- That a friendly Russian diplomat could once say to an equally friendly American: "We have sold [Alaska] to you too cheaply, but it's all in the family."?
- That a Harvard poet lies buried in Red Square?
- Which American President became, for a time, a hero to the Soviet Union?
- Who said — more than a century ago about America and Russia — "There are two great nations . . . each of them marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."?
- What facts Soviet textbooks teach Russian children about America?

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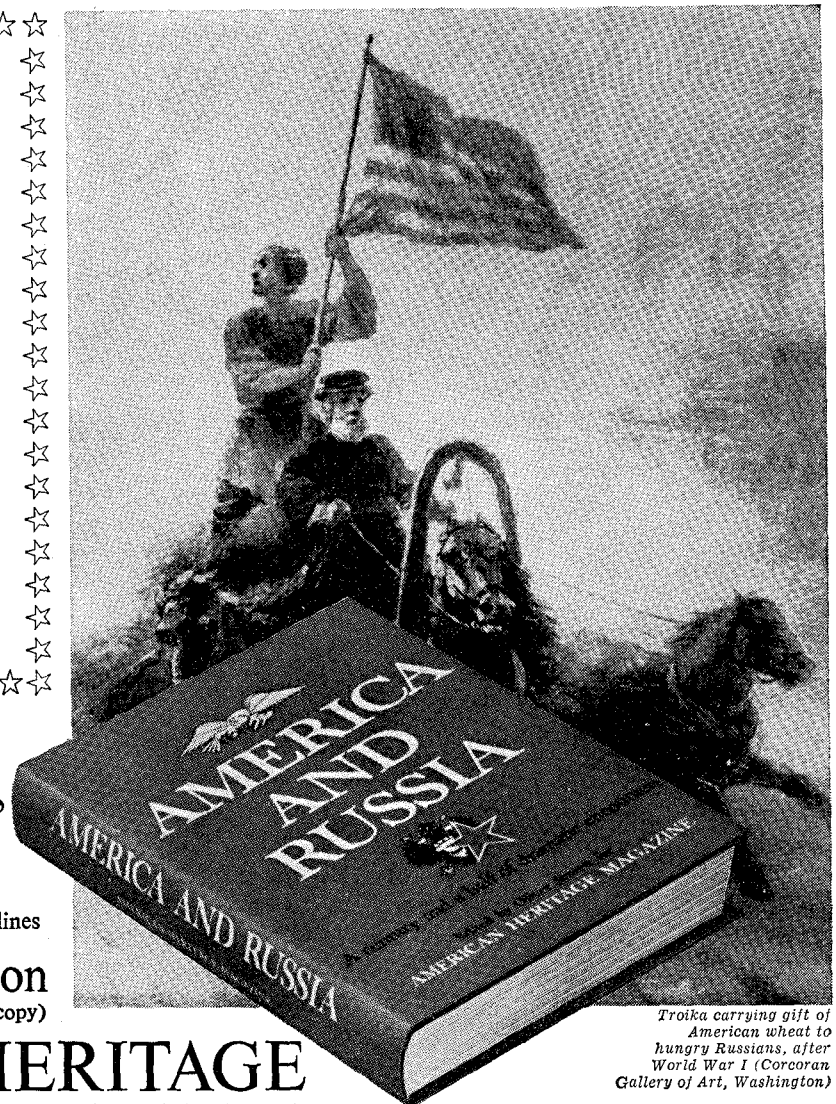


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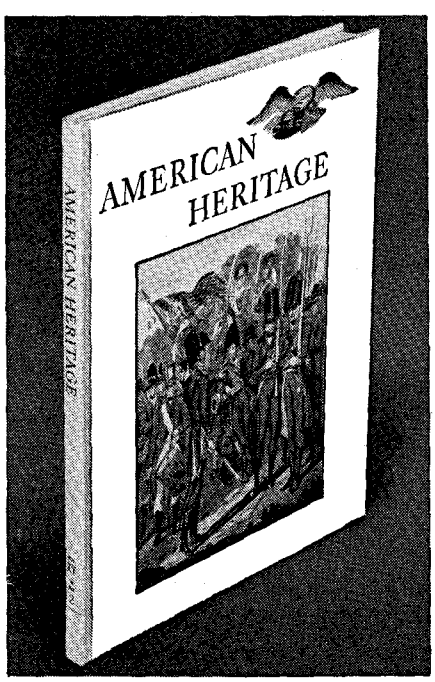


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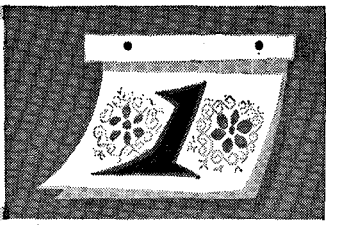
# First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

JANUARY ran the gamut from Arabia to Zanzibar, with the emphasis on the P's—the President and the Press, the Pope and Panama, Picard and Petterson. In some cases the P's even included Politics as Usual—namely, the fascinating statement of Senator B. Everett Jordan, chairman of the Senate investigation of the Bobby Baker affair. "We are not investigating Senators," the Senator said. "This is my decision." Altogether, it seemed high time for some New Faces in the Senatorial Revue, and with the Ohio orbit of Colonel John Glenn, the wish was not only father to the thought but also nearer. The way we feel, NASA's loss may be the USA's gain, and we wish the colonel all the luck in the world—at space rates, of course.

• • •

For those who still think it's Washington as usual, however, *Insider's Newsletter* had a severe jolt:

> Lester Lanin is Out; Flatt and Scruggs are In. Hiking is Out; politics is In. Filet mignon is Out; T-bone is In. Big billion-dollar deficits are Out; little billion-dollar deficits are In. Joe Alsop is Out; William S. White is In. House dogs are Out; hound dogs are In. Button-down collars are Out; zip-up windbreakers are In. Sailing is Out; politics is In. Dinner at 8:00 for eight is Out; barbecue at 5:00 for 500 is In. Planned spending is Out; unplanned spending is In. Ian Fleming is Out; Kermit Gordon is In. Dinner dances are Out; square dances are In. Bonwit Teller is Out; Neiman-Marcus is In. Pushups by-the-numbers are Out; numbers are In. Ivy League is Out; Southwest Conference is In. Softball is Out; politics is In. Loafers are Out; boots are In. Reading is Out; arithmetic is In.

• • •

At New York's Hunter College, at the fourth session of the Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking Clinic, we liked best Mort Young's interview with a former two-pack-a-day man. "I've decided I won't give up cigarettes," he said. "But I've sworn off matches."

• • •

The fact that the cigarette stocks held up under the storm was, of course, one more indication of the strange madness of the stock market these days. "They say the public hasn't really come back in again," one broker told us, "but I'll tell you one thing—whether we've got the public or not, we've got the greatest floating crap game of all time." For illustration he pointed to one stock, Data Control (not to be confused with the new IBM challenger Control Data), which came out with earnings of 25 cents a share for the final quarter of 1963 and promptly went up 14 points to 49. As for the glamour drug stock, Syntex, when it reached 190 last month, with more than 4,500,000 shares out, it was being valued by "investors" at close to $1 billion—a company with $12,000,000 in assets, and with earnings last year of 89 cents a share. Compared to this, on the other hand, an old-timer like Texas Gulf Sulphur, with assets of $55,000,000 and earnings of $1, was being valued at only $220 million. The broker's favorite customer, however, is the man who comes in every Friday morning and buys Lucky Friday, a silver mine stock. Then, before going home at night, he sells it. He's been doing it for two years. Does all right, too.

• • •

The book story of the month was *Profiles in Courage*—the only book in history to be the country's No. 1 best-seller three separate times. The first time was when the book came out; the second, after a four-year gap, when JFK was nominated; and the third, after close to three years, currently. "But to me the most amazing thing," Washington salesman Lynwood Giacomi told us, "was the fact that when it first came out it was one of the hardest books I've had to sell. It was by a man who was far from nationally known, it was the toughest kind of book to sell anyway, a group biography—they rank with short stories and poetry—and it was about something practically nobody in Washington wants to read about, old Senators."

• • •

The new edition of *Profiles*, out February 11, is called a "Memorial Edition" and bears a foreword that contains what are undoubtedly the most moving words yet written about the late President—by the man who knew him best, Robert Kennedy. "At least one half of the days that he spent on this earth," writes RFK of JFK, "were days of intense physical pain."

• • •

On the theatre front it was the month of understudies. In *Barefoot in the Park* Penny Fuller went on for a full week for the ailing Elizabeth Ashley and night after night won the plaudits of her audiences. Meanwhile, at *Luther*, a relatively unknown American actor who went on for Albert Finney, who was down with a toothache, did such a superlative job that David Merrick, of all people, decided that when Finney left the role, John Heffernan would get it. All this was some contrast to the story a few weeks ago when Joan Copeland, sister of Arthur Miller, replaced Vivien Leigh in *Tovarich* and got rave notices—only in turn to receive notice from a producer named Abe Farbman that he was going to hire the "name" of Eva Gabor. Miss Copeland took it all philosophically and gave a remarkable interview—without as much as a hint of bitterness—but in short order Miss Gabor and the play closed. What few people know about understudies is that very seldom, before actually appearing, do they have any rehearsing at all with the cast—only rehearsals with a cast of understudies. Yet in the last few years there has been a formidable list of understudies who went on to a larger stardom than the stars they replaced—among them Tony Perkins, who went on one night for John Kerr in *Tea and Sympathy*, and Shirley MacLaine, who went in for Carol Haney in *The Pajama Game*.

• • •

The month's No. 1 champion was young Bobby Fischer, who made, for the first time in history, a clean sweep of the national chess championships. Even Paul Morphy, who won the event in 1857, the year it was started, lost one game. We had the honor of making a short speech to Bobby on the occasion of his being awarded, at the Marshall Chess Club, the Marshall Trophy, and we stand on our words: "There is no player in the world today who can beat him—here, behind the Iron Curtain, or, for that matter, behind the Bamboo Curtain."

• • •

Finally, the month was a sad one indeed for the humane world—for it was the first one without the country's No. 1 humane worker, Fred Myers. Mr. Myers, who died at fifty-nine of a heart attack, not only founded what is today the country's largest humane society in the world, the Humane Society of the U.S., in Washington, D.C., but he was also often credited with almost singlehandedly steering the humane movement from fuzzy futilities to forthright action. Some idea of his work may be gathered from the fact that when Oliver Evans, president of the HSUS, wrote us asking us to insert a note in *SR* about an opening for an executive director to replace Mr. Myers, he also included a postscript. "Tell them," he added, "we don't just need one man—we need at least two, and maybe three men."



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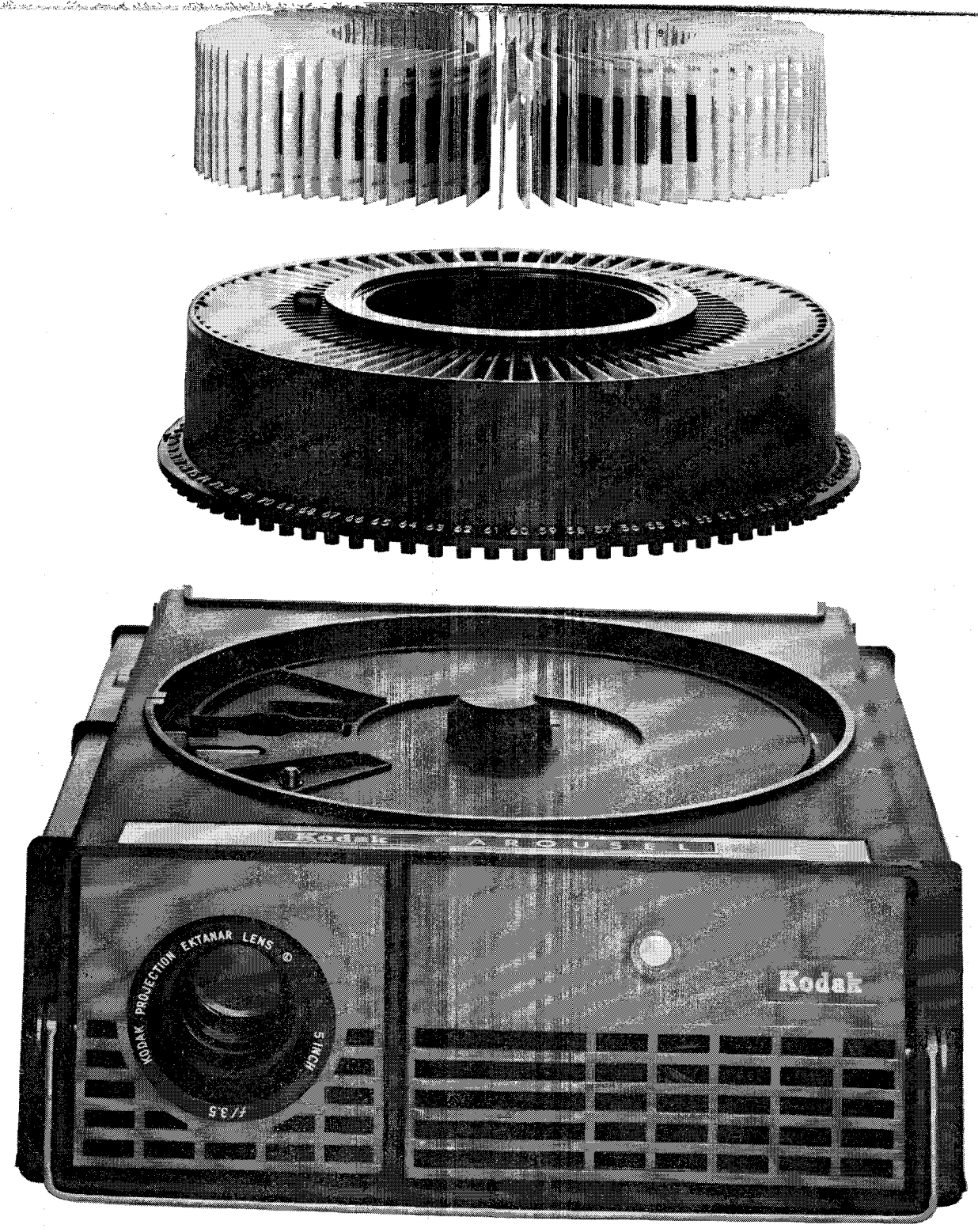


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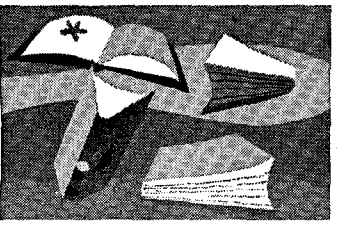
# Trade Winds



**According to one** of my correspondents, Jessica Mitford was overheard to remark, "I have nothing against undertakers personally. It's just that I wouldn't want one to bury my sister."

**An ad in the** Personals columns of *SR* a couple of months ago asked, "Want Instant Publicity? . . . Send $2. Box 614, Miami." It was worth the two bucks to me to satisfy my curiosity. In return I received a twelve-page pamphlet titled "A Guide to Instant Success: A Do-It-Yourself Publicity Primer," written by Helen Baum, a lady who has her own public relations firm in Florida and who has had a lot of experience in these matters.

The guide to instant success tells all about how to write a press release, where to send it, photographs, deadlines, letters to the editor, how to get an item in a column, personal appearances, and that sort of thing. It's the most succinct, complete collection of such information I've seen, and if anyone is intent on seeking instant publicity he would have to be familiar with it. The question is: who wants instant publicity? Miss Baum is not sure.

She had a request from Princess Grace Fair-Cloud of Brooklyn. She heard from five magicians, for some reason. The Defenders of Wildlife, Inc., and a guidance counselor from Arkansas responded. A Pfc. in Nuremberg wants instant publicity, as does one Hilda in the Bronx, who says she's got a great product that needs it but she hasn't got the two bucks: "If my product could be sold by publicity, then I would have the $2 and would send it to you." A school teacher in Ardsley, New York, wrote sharply, "I most certainly will not send the $2 unless I know exactly what it's all about."

Well, that's what it's all about. And now Helen Baum owes *me* $2 for this not-quite-instant publicity.

**A beautiful young woman** named Mary Costa is being hailed for her performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, where she knocked them dead in *La Traviata*. Irving Kolodin is not surprised, only pleased. In 1957 he heard her sing an aria from *Madame Butterfly* and wrote in *SR:*

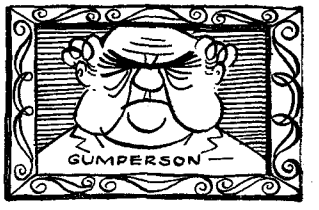
"Crystal gazing is a hazardous occupation at best. . . . However, there should be a sound operatic future for Mary Costa."

That was six years ago. Where has she been in the meantime? She has been opening and closing car doors in television commercials and dragging down spots in half-hour shows such as the Jack Benny program, to which Kolodin was tuned in when he saw and heard her, causing him to write so prophetically. Question: why was our music critic watching Jack Benny? Was Benny playing his violin?

**Some people signing** their real names —Perry Williams, Murray Bromberg, David Kludt, W. S. Catherwood, August Eberle—sent along to me some more imaginary occupational cognomens:

Justin Case, insurance salesman; Celia Lipsz, librarian; Doane N. Hale, lung cancer specialist; Summerville B. Early, meteorologist; Orval Oder, garbage collector.

**I am grateful** to Robert M. Porter, professor of education at State University College, Oneonta, New York, for making a compilation of many of the important "laws" that have been formulated




over the recent years. They are taken from various satirical writings and speeches of the "scientists" who gave them their names:

1. Chisholm's Second Law of Human Interaction: Any time things appear to be going better, you have overlooked something.

2. Gumperson's Law: If the worst can happen, it will. (Or, Nature loves the hidden flaw.)

3. Hall's Law: The higher a person's social position, the more names he is likely to have.

4. Harvard Law of Animal Behavior: Under carefully controlled conditions, organisms behave as they damn well please.

5. Maier's Law No. 1: If facts do not conform to the theory, they must be disposed of.

6. Maier's Law No. 2: The bigger the theory, the better.

7. Parkinson's Law: Work multiplies to fill up the available time.

**After my query** about whether Key West had taken down its signs proclaiming itself as "the Southernmost city in the U.S.," I heard from the Chamber of Commerce. They're fighting a rear guard action. James T. Gay, manager, writes me that, with the statehood of Hawaii, the slogan and promotional copy has been changed to "The Southernmost city in the continental USA." Some of the old signs have been removed, but new ones have not yet been prepared. They are still using the old stationery, I see, which states, "The nation's southernmost city on the island of the eternal sun and fun . . . surrounded by the world's finest fishing . . . where old world meets the new . . . you're always welcome."

Aloha?

**Sharps and Flats:** Title coincidences: Vanguard just published *The Countess* by March Cost, as did Harcourt, Brace in October with *The Countess* by Hans Habe. Praeger has brought out *Collision Course* by Henry Pachter, about the Cuban crisis. Alvin Moscow's book about the *Andrea Doria-Stockholm* accident had the same title.

► The mail was so delayed during the Christmas rush that magazines were arriving on the date of issue.

► The mummy's curse has struck again! Sir Alan H. Gardiner, one of the five men who opened King Tut's tomb despite the warning chiseled over the entrance, died mysteriously December 18 in London at the age of eighty-four.

► After watching Henry Morgan and Company struggling with their so-called bitter satire on television, I renamed the program *That Was the Show That Was.*

► Bob Orben asks if visions of sugar plums ever dance in Arthur Murray's head.

► Someone wrote in chalk on the sidewalk before the Metropolitan Museum of Art: "Gogh, man, Gogh!"

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1555)

Susan Williams:
*(THE FOOTPRINTS OF) ELEPHANT BILL*

Enormous webs, at this hour, glistened with drops of dew like crystal chandeliers. Unlike the ordinary English cobweb, which breaks easily, I was amazed how tough these were. I could shake the drops of water from one without its coming to bits.



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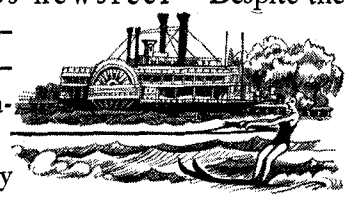
# Big-Daddy of Waters

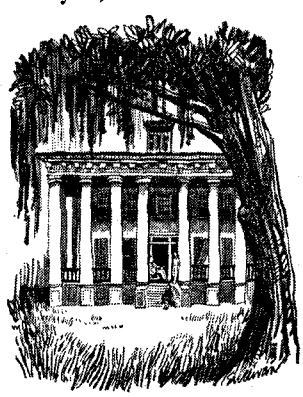
In Mark Twain's 'loving eyes' it was "the great Mississippi ...the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi."
A visiting Charles Dickens, on the other hand, said he couldn't find words ugly enough to describe "this enormous ditch...running liquid mud at six miles an hour."

### Point of View

Both men were right, of course, and their diverging assessments would be just as valid today; for the Mississippi, over its 2,348 miles, has as many faces as it has bends. Life along the river's course is a study in contrasts. And it's this world—from the rice marshes of Minnesota to the Louisiana bayous—that David Brinkley will be exploring Sunday night, February 2, in NBC News' full-hour color special, "Our Man on the Mississippi." No travelogue, this. (There'll be no steamboat slowly sinking in the west at fade-out.) Instead, viewers will be shown how life along the Mississippi has changed. The great shipyards, elegant mansions and luxury boats have all but disappeared. Today, power craft and water-skiers zip past ancient, shore-bound paddle-wheelers. River rats have given way to beatniks. Even the raging floods (which once gushed regularly and madly across newsreel screens) have—thankfully—been corseted into obedience.



Yet, in many ways, the people of the river country are as colorful as ever. Brinkley interviewed one Southern politico who lights his cigars with a lighter that plays "Dixie." And even Mark Twain never had the good fortune to bump into a character who earns part of his livelihood by trapping grasshoppers he later sells as bait.
This last chap, as the special will show, has attached a trough-like contraption to the front bumper of his ancient Ford. In a 15-minute romp through a weedy field, the car can collect as many as 2,000 of the insects, few of whom ever dreamed there was a Ford in their future.



There is, to be sure, more money in Southern cotton than in grasshoppers, as will be evidenced in Brinkley's visit to the Arkansas' vast Wilson fields, across the river and about 40 miles from Memphis. Famed as America's largest family-owned plantation, the 30,000 acres are serviced by some 1,100 employes.
Despite the existence of such enterprises, the economy of the Mississippi valley is not nearly what it was. Today the river's strongest commodity is nostalgia. The February 2 special, produced by Ted Yates and Stuart Schulberg, will be evoking much of that nostalgia.

### Yesterday's Giant

Brinkley will be examining a waterway that once meant boom towns, fur companies, showboats, rich timber lands, and noisy gambling casinos. Its very name continues to conjure up a uniquely American era.
In actuality, the Mississippi is something else again. As Co-producer Ted Yates puts it, "Most of the river's new things are ugly, including the drug store cowboys, the oil refineries and the housing developments. And the things that are old and beautiful are chipped and poor." Be that as it may, in terms of the American saga, the Mississippi is much more than a twisting meandering landmark. It is an endless stream of consciousness.

*Look to NBC for the best combination of news, information and entertainment.*



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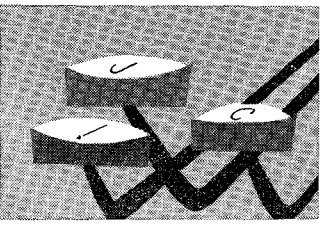
# Manner of Speaking



**Burning the Files.** The year just ended will seem to many men to have taken from us more than it gave, yet let us not forget that it did leave us enough to go on with, whereby we are yet, as the human race has always managed thus far to be, the inheritors of a mercy. All years must end. The fear buried in our minds—and none too deeply—is that we may be approaching the year's end that does not immediately become a year's beginning. It is of that mercy and against that fear that we still have our housekeeping to do. And as all housekeeping is toward some hope of order, may the hope stay small, ordinary, and thereby long.

Because time is the accumulation beyond order, my first housekeeping in any new year is to burn the files that forever threaten to take over the house. I am an incessant and disorderly filekeeper. In the course of any year, my unfiled stack of files begins to build across my desk and my life in full portent of an avalanche to come.

As my personal triumph of 1963, I am delighted to report, I got the mortgage paid off. It is my house now, and as I mean to live in it, it is time to burn the files. No, I did not burn the mortgage bond: I framed it and have it hanging on the wall of my attic hideout. But with that much spared, the flame has been up in the fireplace, and for days I have been feeding it my accumulation of clippings, footnotes, and items of unfinished business, from which I have extracted for last notice the following:

**A *Hamlet* Diary.** On August 3, 1963, I offered in this column some excerpts from a modernized version of *Hamlet* by Irving Fiske. *SR*'s readers immediately made the in-basket overflow with demands to know what sort of hoax I was up to, and in this column for September 28, 1963, I offered excerpts from the anti-Fiske mail. Once more, then, the mail began to flood in and this time Mr. Fiske with it.

The second wave of letter-writers was not at all sure I had done right by Mr. Fiske, and Mr. Fiske himself was positive I had dealt falsely with him.

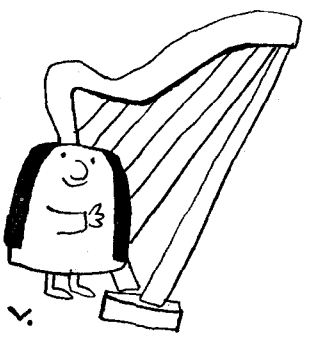
Mr. Fiske's main complaint was that I had misrepresented my feelings about his work when I said I would write about it. I had told him I was two-minded, but that I would let the readers have their own look at it. But since my September 28 column made it clear that I saw no merit in the work, Mr. Fiske thinks "two-minded" was too mild a foretaste of my opinion, and in fairness, and toward my own eventual education, I am bound to grant Mr. Fiske's point. Never commit a mild phrase carelessly. Toward the impossible dream of actual justice, therefore, I have promised Mr. Fiske a recount.

In so promising him, I had to make it clear, in conscience, that I still do not like the language into which he has cast *Hamlet*. It is conceivable that *Hamlet* could be effectively staged in contemporary American-English: I am not charmed by the idea but let it be entered as a possibility. I can find nothing to praise, however, in the indiscriminate and uncadenced language Mr. Fiske has come up with. Those, in fact, were exactly my two minds when I first wrote him.

I am still of those two minds, but if there is solace in numbers, I hereby report to Mr. Fiske's solace (and, I must confess, to my dismay) that with all precincts now reporting he has carried at least 75 per cent of the total vote—and that it included a publication-feeler from a leading university press and an offer from the drama department of another university to produce his version of *Hamlet* on a firm royalty basis. Herewith I concede the election and consign the file to purifying flames.

**Memo: There will always be a Boston.** I checked into the Statler-Hilton in Boston a while back, coming in by the rear motor entrance late at night. The next morning, I started to stroll out the front (or Park Square side) and found myself facing a huge glass partition with revolving doors at either side. Pasted large upon the glass was a legend that read: NOT AN ACCREDITED EGRESS DOOR.

As a native, though long-lost Bostonian, and in mother-pride of them as can sling the lingo, I tried the door on my right. It could not have worked better if accredited by John Harvard himself. Once on the other side, I looked around for information on how it rated as an ingress door, but all I could find was the mirror image of its egress status showing through the glass.



Could it be that Boston rated things only on the way out? I refused to concede anything of the sort. Moved by some sort of surviving regionalism, I crossed over and re-entered by the door on the other side. Accredited or unaccredited, it worked in a wholly creditable way.

**Airlines: Gripe.** To be a consumer is to be an amateur redesigner of the product. By now I am securely over the half-million-mile mark in civil aviation and can report myself as a reasonably well-established customer, reasonably well satisfied with everything but the sprawl of our airports (which I pass over for now) and the late Bronze Age handling of luggage (against which I lodge my present complaint). The experts be switched: I could do it better.

I, for one, have had enough of waiting around for the baggage to grind down those clumsy conveyor belts, or to ride in on those Toonerville trolleys the airlines use for luggage. If the airlines really cared, they could get the luggage to the baggage area ahead of the deplaning passengers, at least on flights between major cities. All they need do is load the luggage into removable clip-in bins and remove the bins by simple hoist machinery, wheeling them instantly to the baggage area. Meanwhile, the outgoing luggage could be hoisted and clipped into place in the reverse of the same operation, and that much of the pre-flight delay would be eliminated. Or must passengers wait until the twenty-fifth century for twentieth-century methods?

**Which Way Is Christmas?** Miller Williams, whose poems have often appeared in *SR* (and more of which we look forward to seeing any time), is spending a fellowship year in Chile. He reports from there that Chilean children are unanimous in their conviction that Santa comes from the South Pole.

I seize on that information as evidence that the psyche keeps its own maps. Move the legend to either hemisphere and the psyche's needle must inevitably turn to the nearest icecap. Where else could Santa come from? Let myth go down the chimney clockwise or counterclockwise, nothing in fur-trimmed red flannel can come to any child's Christmas across the equator

With which let the fire burn out, to be kindled again in our next.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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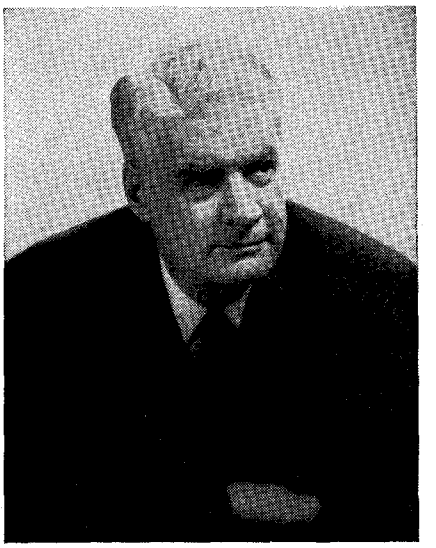
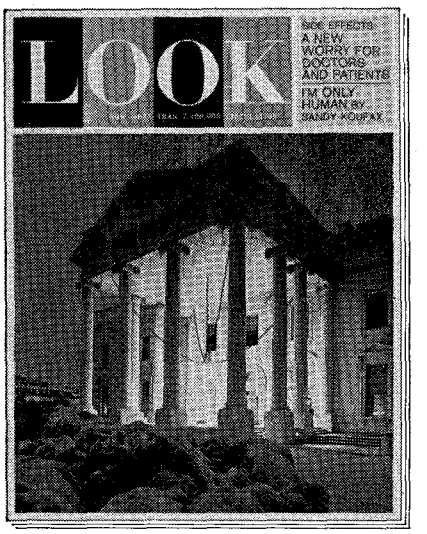


# The editor "who did the most in 1963 to raise the standards of magazines."




# The magazine he edits.

The Society of Magazine Writers singled him out. It gave Daniel D. Mich, Editorial Director of LOOK, its award as the outstanding magazine editor of 1963—the one who "did the most" to advance magazines as a medium of communication.

All in all, 1963 was quite a year for Dan Mich—and for LOOK.

It was a year in which LOOK editorial achievements won the highest praise from professional organizations. Among 33 major honors: Sigma Delta Chi's Public Service Award (LOOK's fifth in 11 years)...the National Education Association's School Bell Award (LOOK's eighth in eight years)...two Gold Medals from the Art Directors Club of New York (no other magazine won more than one)

It was a year in which LOOK editorial vitality was reflected in increased reader demand that sent circulation to a new high of 7,500,000. LOOK took an even firmer grip on first place in its field—its circulation edge over Life topping 400,000 copies per issue, its margin over the Post approaching one million.

It was a year in which LOOK set the pace in marketing innovations, with the introduction of Magazone-52 bringing new flexibility to regional advertising.

It was a year in which advertisers continued to recognize the emergence of LOOK as America's No. 1 Showcase. Their investments gave LOOK its second biggest year—and its biggest second half ever—in advertising revenue.

What kind of year will LOOK have in 1964? It should be an even bigger year—because, in 1964, LOOK will be even better. It always is.

LOOK—A PUBLICATION OF COWLES MAGAZINES AND BROADCASTING, INC.



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# SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

### *Archeology*

ROAD TO NINEVEH: The Adventures and Excavations of Sir Austen Henry Layard. By Nora Benjamin Kubie. Doubleday. $5.95.

### *Art*

A SOURCE BOOK OF FRENCH ADVERTISING ART. Introduction by Irwin Haas. Braziller. $12.50.

### *Business, Economics*

THE DOLLAR CRISIS. By the Institute of Foreign Economic Studies. Fairleigh Dickson Univ.-New York Univ. Press. $8.95.

MANAGERIAL FREEDOM AND JOB SECURITY. By Morris Stone. Harper & Row. $5.50.

### *Current Affairs*

LABOR TODAY: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States. By B. J. Widick. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT. By John M. Swomley, Jr. Beacon. $6.

THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS IN SPACE. By Erik Bergaust. Macmillan. $5.95.

PROJECT APOLLO: Man to the Moon. By Tom Alexander. Harper & Row. $4.50.

### *Essays*

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY. By Horace Greeley. Edited by Charles T. Duncan. Knopf. $5.95.

RANDOM THOUGHTS OF A FASCIST HYENA. By Constantine Fitz Gibbon. Norton. $5.

THE SECOND CAREER. By Wilder Penfield. Little, Brown. $5.

### *Fiction*

THE CADILLAC COWBOYS. By Glendon Swarthout. Random House. $4.95.

THE FANATIC. By Meyer Levin. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

HONEY FOR THE BEARS. By Anthony Burgess. Norton. $3.95.

PROFESSOR DESCENDING. By Ramona Stewart. Doubleday. $4.50.

A WINTER'S TALE. By Nathaniel Benchley. McGraw-Hill. $4.50.

### *History*

THE LAST RAIDER. By Douglas Reeman. Putnam. $5.95.

THE MILITARY RECORD OF LOUISIANA. By Napier Bartlett. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $7.50.

MISSISSIPPI, AS A TERRITORY, PROVINCE AND STATE. By J. F. H. Claiborne. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $10. (Reprint.)

NICHOLAS OF CUSA AND MEDIEVAL POLITICAL THOUGHT. By Paul E. Sigmund. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.95.

TOCQUEVILLE AND ENGLAND. By Seymour I. Drescher. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.

WINGS OF NEPTUNE. By Donald Macintyre. Norton. $4.50.

### *Law*

LAW AND ECONOMIC GROWTH: The Legal History of the Lumber Industry in Wisconsin, 1836-1915. By James Willard Hurst. Harvard Univ. Press. $17.50.

LAW AND LAND: Anglo-American Planning Practice. Edited by Charles M. Haar. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.50.

LOCATION AND LAND USE: Toward a General Theory of Land Rent. By William Alonso. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.50.

STATE AND LAW: Soviet and Yugoslav Theory. By Ivo Lapenna. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

### *Literary Criticism*

THE NOVEL: A Modern Guide to Fifteen English Masterpieces. By Elizabeth Drew. Norton. $3.95.

### *Miscellany*

AMERICAN WAR MEDALS AND DECORATIONS. By Evans E. Kerrigan. Viking. $6.50.

THE ART OF LITERARY RESEARCH. By Richard D. Altick. Norton. $4.50.

AS THE FALCON HER BELLS. By Phillip Glasier. Dutton. $5.95.

THE BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN: Tall Tales of American Animals. Edited by Robert B. Downs. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE CITY GARDENER. By Philip Truex. Knopf. $6.95.

THE HANDBOOK OF AUTO CAMPING. Second revised edition. By George and Iris Wells. Harper & Row. $4.95.

HOLD YOUR HOUR AND HAVE ANOTHER. By Brendan Behan. Little, Brown. $4.75.

INVENTING THE FUTURE. By Dennis Gabor. Knopf. $4.95.

PLANNING YOUR FAMILY: The Complete Guide to Contraception and Fertility. By Alan F. Guttmacher, M.D., with Winfield Best and Frederick S. Jaffe. Macmillan. $5.95.

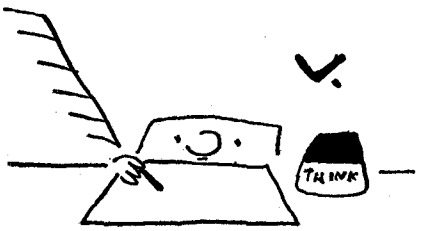
SNAKE LORE. By John Crompton. Doubleday. $3.95.

WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, CHARLIE BROWN. By Charles Schulz. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Paperback, $1.

### *Music*

MUSIC IN AMERICA. Edited by W. T. Marrocco and Harold Gleason. Norton. $10.

SCANDINAVIAN MUSIC. By John Horton. Norton. $7.50.




### *Mystery, Suspense*

AMATEUR AGENT. By Ewan Butler. Norton. $4.50.

THE CHILL. By Ross Macdonald. Knopf. $3.95.

GIDEON'S VOTE. By J. J. Marric. Harper & Row. $3.95.

A TASTE FOR BRILLIANTS. By Noel Clad. Random House. $3.95.

### *Personal History*

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL. By Claude Lewis. Gold Medal. Paperback, 40¢.

THE COLONEL'S SON. By Nigel Eldridge. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

HEROES AND HERETICS. By Barrows Dunham. Knopf. $6.95.

HITLER: A Study in Tyranny. Revised edition. By Alan Bullock. Harper & Row. $8.95.

THE LYNDON JOHNSON STORY. Revised edition. By Booth Mooney. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.

POLICEWOMAN. By Dorothy Uhnak. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF BERNARD BERENSON. Edited by Arthur K. McComb. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

WILLIAM CONGREVE: Letters and Documents. Collected and edited by John C. Hodges. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.75.

### *Poetry*

POEMS BY JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER. Edited by Vivian de Sola Pinto. Harvard Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.50.

REQUIEM FOR THE LIVING. By C. Day Lewis. Harper & Row. $3.50.

### *Religion, Philosophy*

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY. By A. H. Armstrong and R. A. Markus. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

THE DIVINE RELATIVITY. By Charles Hartshorne. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

FROM HEGEL TO NIETZSCHE: The Revolution in Nineteenth-Century Thought. By Karl Löwith. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $8.50.

ONE AND APOSTOLIC. By Adrian Hastings. Sheed & Ward. $4.50.

TELL ME HOW. By Theodore F. Adams. Harper & Row. $3.

### *Sociology*

KILLING TIME. By Joseph F. Hannan. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

TOWARD THE WELL-BEING OF MANKIND. By Robert M. Shaplen. Doubleday. $10.

### *Travel*

THE SPLENDOR OF FRANCE. By Robert Payne. Harper & Row. $6.50.

ULYSSES FOUND. By Ernle Bradford. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.

VILLAGE IN THE VAUCLUSE. Revised edition. By Laurence Wylie. Harper & Row. $2.25.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.



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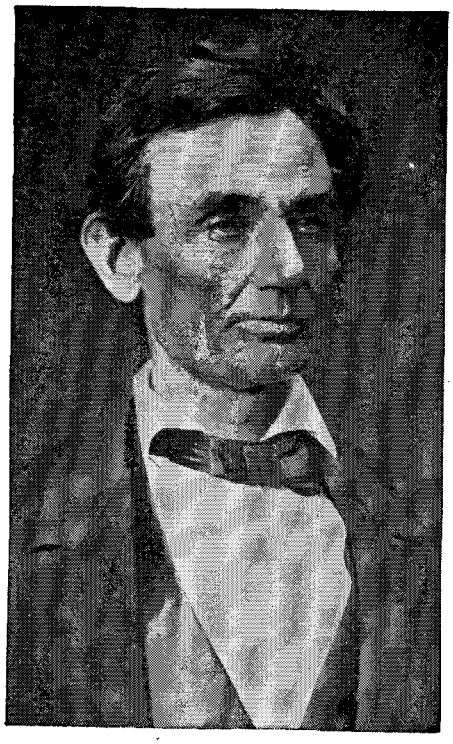

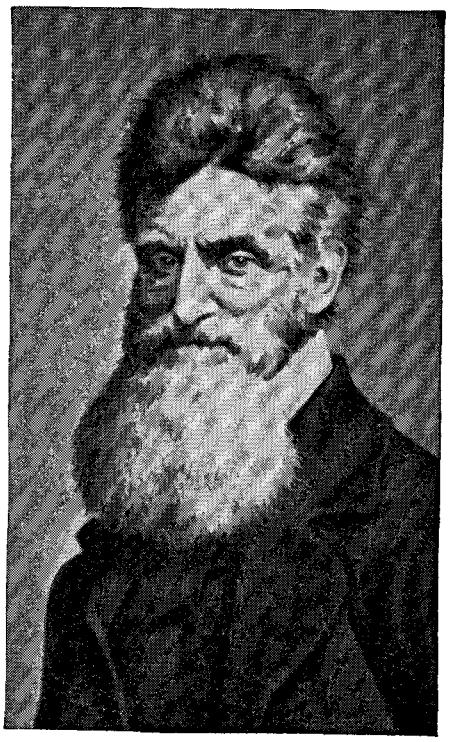

# *"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."*

—GEORGE SANTAYANA

A living archive, television re-creates the faces, voices, and issues of a fast-receding yesterday to help meet the challenges of an onrushing tomorrow. This month: Lincoln's dedication to the Union, John Brown's fanatical protest, and America's emergence as a world power, spurred by the energetic leadership of T. R. Add art, music, drama, science, sports, religion, and adventure for a full measure of television's offering in February.

**Some Programs of Special Interest**

**IX Winter Olympic Games**
Daily, from Innsbruck, Austria.
February 1-10 (various times)

**Our Man on the Mississippi**
David Brinkley presents an up-to-date view of life along the river from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico.
Sunday, February 2 (10-11 PM)

**Cuba: Two Critical Phases in Foreign Policy**
*Bay of Pigs:* Tuesday, February 4 (10-11 PM)
*The Missile Crisis:* Sunday, Feb. 9 (10-11 PM)

**Abe Lincoln in Illinois**
Jason Robards, Jr. in Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play.
Wednesday, February 5 (7:30-9 PM)

**Venus in Venice**
Veronese's *Mars and Venus United* is examined from a variety of viewpoints.
Sunday, February 9 (4-5 PM)

**A Trip to the Moon**
Dramatization from two novels by Jules Verne.
Wednesday, February 12 (7:30-8:30 PM)

**Robin Hood**
A new production of the children's classic.
Saturday, February 15 (12-1 PM)

**Pontius Pilate's Points of View**
Dramatized adaptation of a story by Claudel.
Sunday, February 16 (2-2:30 PM)

**Science All-Stars**
A space-capsule gyroscope, heart-lung machine, and remote-control electrocardiograph, exhibited by their teen-aged builders.
Sunday, February 16 (4:30-5 PM)

**Paris: A Story of High Fashion**
Design and creation of a new collection.
Sunday, February 16 (10-11 PM)

**The Story of John Brown**
Drama of Harpers Ferry and the Trial.
Friday, February 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

**Discovery in Moscow**
Life in the USSR as seen by children (Pt. I).
Sunday, February 23 (1-1:30 PM)

**Young People's Concert**
Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic.
Sunday, February 23 (5-6 PM)

**Depressed Area, U.S.A.**
A documentary study of Appalachia.
Sunday, February 23 (6-6:30 PM)

**The Saga of Western Man: 1898**
Emergence of the U.S. as a world power.
Saturday, February 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

* * *

**Regularly Scheduled Programs**

**Monday to Friday:** Today/Sunrise Semester

**Wednesdays:** CBS Reports/Chronicle

**Thursdays:** ABC News Reports

**Fridays:** The Great Adventure/That Was The Week That Was

**Saturdays:** Do You Know?/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

**Sundays:** Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/ Face the Nation/Discovery '64/Issues and Answers/Sunday/One of a Kind/Science All-Stars/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/ The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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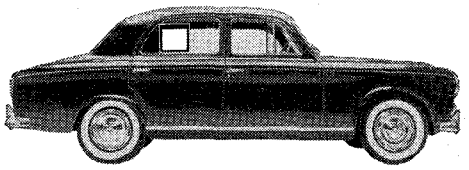


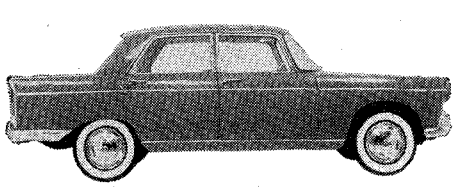
# Take a closer look at one of the 7 best made cars in the world

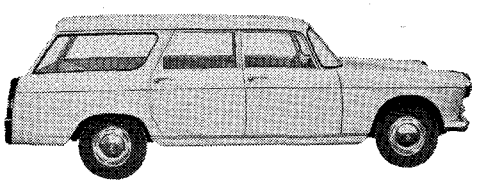
*Judged one of the 7 best by John Bond, Publisher of Road & Track*

## PEUGEOT 403

| | |
|---|---|
| **BODY STYLE:** | 4-door Sedan |
| **SERIAL NUMBER:** | 4290587 |
| **SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE:** | $2,295.00 East Coast POE |
| Sliding Sun Roof | No Charge |
| Michelin X or Whitewall Tires | No Charge |
| 4-Speed Synchromesh Transmission | No Charge |
| Heater-Defroster | No Charge |
| Padded Dashboard, Dual Padded Sun Visors | No Charge |
| Leatherette Upholstery | No Charge |
| Reclining Seats | No Charge |
| Electric Clock | No Charge |
| Windshield Washers | No Charge |
| Trip Mileage Counter | No Charge |
| Outside Rear-View Mirror | No Charge |
| Stainless Steel Bumpers, Trim & Wheel Covers | No Charge |
| Chrome Tail Pipe Extension | No Charge |
| Locks on All Four Doors | No Charge |
| Rear Door Safety Locks (for Children) | No Charge |
| Door-to-Door Carpeting Front & Back | No Charge |
| Dual Tone Horns | No Charge |
| Pull-Down Center Arm Rest | No Charge |
| Luggage Rack Mounting Brackets | No Charge |
| Bumper Guards | No Charge |
| Permanent Oil Filter and Oil Bath Air Filter | No Charge |
| Front Door Courtesy Lights | No Charge |
| TOTAL SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE: | $2,295.00 East Coast POE |

Preparation and license fees, State and local taxes not included.





Peugeot 404: $2645 East Coast POE, $2736 West Coast POE • Peugeot 404 Station Wagon: $2795 East Coast POE, $2875 West Coast POE

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*Saturday Review*
February 1, 1964

# Stitching the World Together

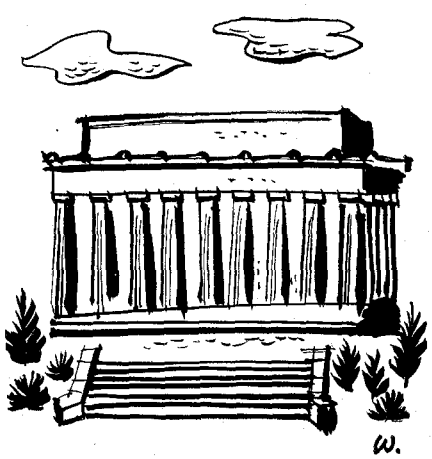
**A jurist appraises the growing evidence that this is an age in which mankind is moving toward a global democracy**

By PHILIP C. JESSUP

THE DEMOCRATIC values of Western civilization must exclude parochialism, must include a readiness not so much to proselytize as to share. The wide extent to which the term "democracy" or "democratic" has been adopted, in the evident belief that it is a label that attracts, should be gratifying. Without condoning false use of labels, Western democracy should welcome developments that progressively make its geographical adjective unnecessary except in examination of historical perspectives. The contributions of what we loosely call "the West" need not be either exaggerated or ignored. Today one hears—in rather tautological terms—of "peoples' democracies," and of "basic democracy," of "panchayat democracy." It is not my purpose to argue how these or other types of democracies resemble or differ from democracy as understood in the United States. My concern here is with "international democracy."

A paragraph of explanation may be worth a volume of definitions. This paragraph is one of explanation in which I wish to make clear that in speaking of "international democracy," I am not referring to a possible (or actual) global or even widespread repetition of the pattern of Periclean, or town-meeting, or American, or any other type of democracy that may exist within the borders of a single state. I am referring to a democratic system in which the "individuals" or units, instead of being natural persons, are or would be collectivities, usually states, themselves.

Since the theory has actually already been conceived, one is bound to admit that an "international democracy," in the sense that all of the billions of the world's population would participate as individuals, is theoretically possible. The period of gestation that must elapse before this theory is born to reality is sufficiently long to make it permissible at this moment not to analyze the designs of the political forms in which the child will eventually be swaddled. I would not deprecate the use of the wide learning and imaginative ingenuity that others have made to this end, but I am considering a different question, which, in the sequence of historic time, may come to have priority. Nevertheless, something new and vital is already emerging. The Court of Justice of the European Communities has held that the Community constitutes "a new juridical order in international law, for the advantage of which States have limited—so far as certain restricted fields are concerned—their sovereign rights, and of which the subjects are not only the Member States but equally their nationals." Here, then, in a regional context, human beings and states are being democratically associated with a measure of equality.



To a degree, the United States (by comparison with my "international democracy") is an interstatal democracy in which the *demos* is composed of fifty individual states or statal individuals. The United Nations is an international grouping of 113 individual states; the question remains whether the United Nations is or can be an international democracy: I shall answer this question in the affirmative. A like question could be posed about the older (and more loosely constructed) Organization of American States or the newer (but tighter) European Communities.

Democracy is a philosophy and it is also a societal arrangement. It is often analyzed in terms of the relationship between the individual and the state or the governing power in the state. But since, fundamentally, it is the *demos* that is the governing power, the individual is himself a part of the governing power, and the essential relationship is that of one individual to the others in the society. The lack of a superstate or supreme international authority does not therefore preclude a consideration of international democracy as a relationship between the individual states.

"Law," if I may borrow Majid Khadduri's phrasing, "is a system of social

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control established for the purpose of maintaining an ordered society among men." Mark that it is not a system merely for maintaining order, but for maintaining "an ordered society."

THE law for maintaining an ordered society among states—that is, the law of international democracy—is, or would be, international law. It would not necessarily be identical with the law of nations recognized, *eo nomine*, by the drafters of the American Constitution in defining the powers of the Congress, nor with the international law invoked in the Charter of the United Nations for application by the International Court of Justice. International law, like the law of all modern societies, has changed, is changing, and will change. Maurice Bourquin could say, in 1931, "*C'est devenue une banalité de dire que le droit international est en pleine transformation.*" It is only the law of the Medes and the Persians "which altereth not," and where now is the empire of Darius? The spate of books and articles dealing with the current changing phase of international law may not as yet have crested, and it is much more desirable that this should be so than that we should be slaves to—in Loren Eiseley's phrase—"the fossil ape encrusted in our hearts." Much of the writing has to do with the impact on international law of the emergence of many states that had heretofore, by their colonial status, been foreclosed from participation in an international democracy. Another large segment is concerned with the status of international law in a world divided in what is commonly called its postwar bipolarity.

The rate of change will, of course, be aggravatingly slow to those who are most impatient with old norms, the application of which seems detrimental to their interests or at least to their desires. This is a common phenomenon not peculiar to the international scene, but perhaps more keenly felt at that level because the machinery for peaceful change in international affairs is so painfully inadequate; consider, for instance, the *relative* facility of amending the Constitution of the United States as contrasted with the almost insuperable difficulties of amending the Charter of the United Nations. Difficult, but yet not really insuperable, because in due time, as Bynkershoek wrote years ago, "as customs change, so the law of nations changes." When Margaret Mead says, "Nations are, and should be, different from one another," one may well add Felix Frankfurter's dictum: "Anybody who is any good is different from anybody else. That is the point about being good—you're different." And one also recalls that a great North American international lawyer, John Bassett Moore, decried the "passion for uniformity."

IT is a commonplace that international law has developed, *i.e.*, changed, to meet new conditions created by advances in the physical sciences. Thus, with progress in aviation, the law of the air developed. As it became feasible to extract oil from the continental shelves, international law evolved changes in the historic law on freedom of the seas and on territorial waters. The use of atomic power for peaceful purposes is pointing toward new rules of liability comparable to those evolved long since in private law. So with man's entry into outer space. Physical scientists have been apt to demand that to meet changes in political conditions, like changes in the law of nations should emerge. But just as lawyers were of no use in splitting the atom, so the scientists are apt to be wide of the mark in trying to cut political knots that still tie the society of nations to old rubrics of sovereignty; even so experienced a person as Lord Franks denounces that "sentimental romanticism which has no place in the world today."

Charles Morgan in his *Reflections in a Mirror* suggests views that Metternich might express if he were available to discuss today's dilemma. "A peace that ends a great war," he imagines Metternich saying, "should be regarded neither as a sleeping draught nor as a stimulant. Peace is like a pair of stockings. My life consisted in darning Europe's stockings. But you are too lazy. Remember what Goethe said to Eckerman: 'Man is not born to solve the problems of the Universe but to find out where the problem lies and then to keep within the limits of what he can comprehend.' I would urge you, if you are in pursuit of an ideal, to take with you a map and a darning needle."

How many fragments of international democracy have already been stitched together?

If we recall that units of international democracy are themselves collectivities, the question arises whether the internal structure of these units, of these statal individuals, must itself be democratic. The answer is "no," just as one does not demand a probe into the mind, heart, and conscience of the individual in a national democracy when it is a question of his exercise of his democratic rights. (I shall not attempt here to enter into the field where the courts have drawn distinctions between permissible and unlawful individual activities; one reason is that I am treading dangerously close to the perilous brink of excessive reasoning by analogy in applying to the international community the norms that are applicable to some national communities.) The task of constituting or maintaining an international democracy may therefore involve the cooperation of states with widely differing ideological, social, economic, and political systems. (Some fifteen years ago one could speak of "coexistence" in this context, but the word has now acquired such a psychic fringe that its use leads to misunderstanding.)

I have already suggested that the United States may be considered an "interstatal democracy," just as I maintain that the United Nations is an "international democracy." One always encounters semantic difficulty caused by uses of the term "state" to mean the units in our federation and to mean the national units—including the United States itself—in the world society. The forms of association and of participation in governing power in our federal system are democratic forms; in essentials, a comparable democratic form characterizes our international organization.

How democratic are the existing international organizations? They are organizations within an international society that is itself passionately democratic. In the United Nations there is equality of voice and vote except for the special

"Now *you* be Jackie Gleason and I'll be Frank Fontaine."



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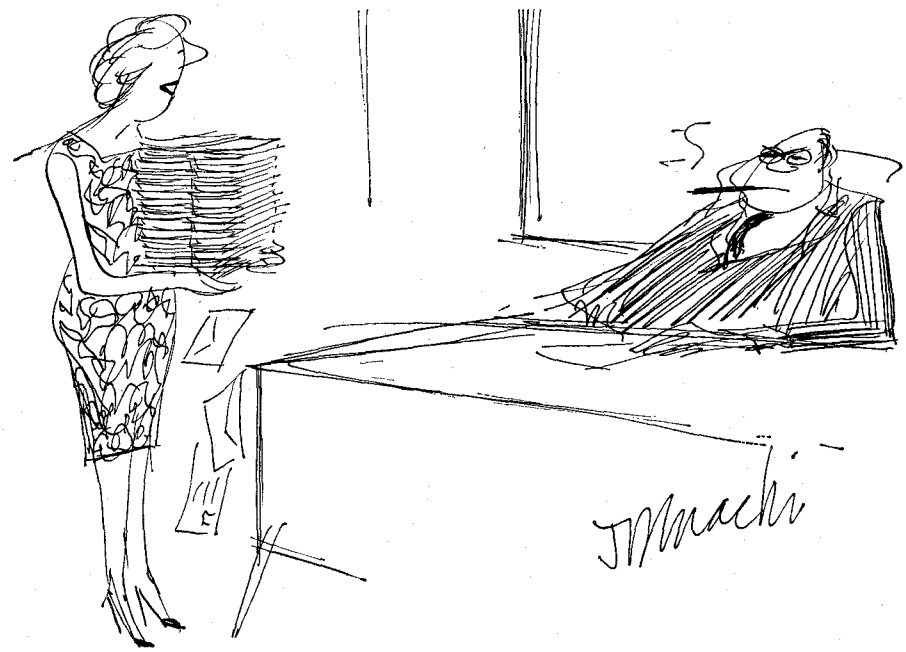
status of the five permanent members of the Security Council. This specialty is perhaps no more undemocratic than the constitutional right of one-third plus one of the Senators of the United States to veto the ratification of a treaty. The Charter says the organization is based on the sovereign equality of all its members. It might as well have said that it was based on the equality of its sovereign members. Aside from security issues, in most situations rule is by majority, and the vote of the least (in size, population, wealth, or other respects) equals that of the greatest. The fact that the organization does not have general legislative power is evidence of impotence, but not of autocracy. I shall not argue whether there is a necessary connection between the party system and the democratic form of government within a national state, and it really matters little whether one seeks to assimilate the blocs in the United Nations to parties in a national state. If there be democratic criticisms of a one-party system, such criticisms cannot be leveled at the United Nations.

Qualifications for membership in the United Nations, as administered in practice, are not exacting; requirements for citizenship, *i.e.*, individual membership, have been more rigorous in many modern states considered to be democracies. That certain potential members have failed to command in the Security Council and in the General Assembly the vote needed for admission is merely evidence of the play of political forces such as those that separated the proslavery and antislavery forces when Kansas sought admission to the Union in the 1850s.

Those who bemoan the instances of undemocratic solutions of international problems today, or who are distressed by the troubles that beset the U.N. in the Congo, may recall, perhaps with a feeling of hope, that the United States has left far behind and, indeed, has largely forgotten the unhappy story of "bleeding Kansas," when Free Staters sought to settle the territory of Kansas, and about 5,000 armed Missourians crossed the border, controlled the polls, and elected proslavery delegates to the legislature. President Pierce failed to support the Governor of Kansas, who had expected him to nullify the election. The proslavery legislature made it a penitentiary offense to deny orally or in writing or in print the right to hold slaves in the territory; no man was eligible to serve on a jury if he was conscientiously opposed to holding slaves. The antislavery men held their own convention at Topeka and adopted a constitution under which they elected a new governor, and the two rival governments began to arm and drill their adherents. President Pierce denounced the Topeka free-soil group as "revolutionaries." With federal support, the proslavery government proceeded to arrest their opponents. The free-state stronghold town of Lawrence was attacked. The sheriff destroyed the printing press, turned his guns on the new hotel that was the town's pride, and then burned it to the ground while a drunken mob pillaged the town. For three months there was war in Kansas; some 200 were killed and property damage was estimated at $2,000,000. Federal troops restored order at last and the proslavery group drew up a new constitution at Lecompton. The referendum on the constitution wholly lacked the element of democratic freedom, but President Buchanan submitted it to Congress with the recommendation that Kansas be admitted under it as a slave state. Congress required a new popular vote, which resulted in the rejection by a large majority of the proslavery Lecompton Constitution. But when Kansas was admitted as a state of the Union it was legally "equal in power, dignity, and authority" to all other states of the Union.



"It's the usual mail. A lot of crackpots demanding you get out of politics."

NEW states have been admitted to the United Nations after comparably bloody conflicts and also, as has been true in the history of our Union, in peace and harmony. There is no need to despair of international democracy because, before man makes internationally a more perfect union, some madman may "cry havoc, and unleash the dogs of war."

The Charter of the United Nations recognizes that the principle of equality applies to nonmembers as well as to members: Article 35 of the Statute of the International Court of Justice, which "forms an integral part" of the charter, requires that the conditions under which the court shall be open to other states shall not "place the parties in a position of inequality before the Court."

Indeed, the principle of the equality of states is among the oldest in international law. "No principle of general law is more universally acknowledged," said Chief Justice Marshall in 1825, "than the perfect equality of nations. Russia and Geneva have equal rights." Without continuing with Marshall's interesting choice of symbols, one must at once admit that, in much of history, small states have been denied equal protection of the laws, as have individuals within national democracies. On the international plane, self-determination and numerous slogans of the new nationalistic aspirations have been promoting the establishment, on a footing of equality, of many new states that now find the door to the United Nations wide open to them; the rostrum freely available to their orators; their words, or a summary record thereof, enshrined in at least two and, according to the pertinent regulations, often in all five official languages. Although the Councils and the court have limited numbers of members, members are, in the majority, freely elected by the total membership. In the General Assembly, all seven committees are committees of the whole on which every member is entitled to be represented; chairmanships, by tradition, are open to representatives of any member except the five permanent members of the Security Council. The Secretary-General serves by virtue

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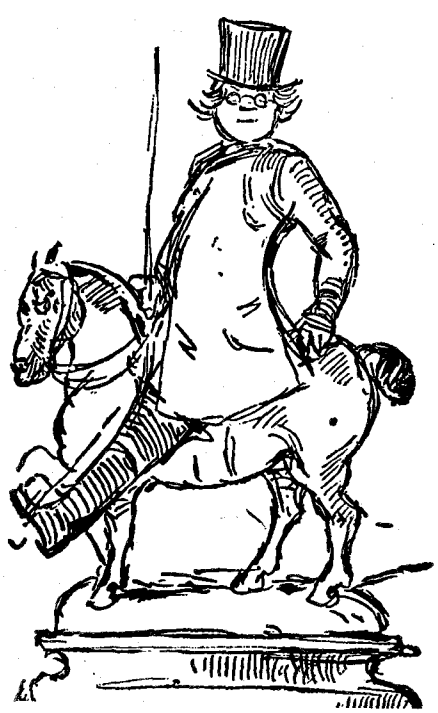
# THE SEARCH FOR WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

By GORDON N. RAY

THE process by which posterity becomes fully acquainted with a great man is never a rapid one. In the case of William Makepeace Thackeray, it has been preternaturally slow. Two decades ago Thackeray was still known chiefly through hearsay. Most of the revealing testimony concerning him, indeed, was to be found in the autobiographical passages of his works. His family, following what they conceived to be his own wishes, maintained a tight-lipped silence about him for nearly eighty years. Even the introductions that his daughter Lady Ritchie wrote for the so-called *Biographical Edition* of his works in 1898-99 were more remarkable for what they did not reveal than for what they did. Mr. Malcolm Elwin in his very competent biography of 1932 was forced to tell Thackeray's story largely from the outside. Moreover, the canon of Thackeray's writings, at least with respect to his anonymous early journalism, was incomplete and confused. Though good things continued to be written about his books by a succession of critics, from George Saintsbury in his introductions to the Oxford *Thackeray* of 1908 and Percy Lubbock in *The Craft of Fiction* of 1921 to Lord David Cecil in *The Early Victorian Novelists* of 1934, the absence of a solid basis of knowledge about the man and his writings seriously hampered these authors. As George Ford put it, Thackeray's "background seemed as mysterious as that of Emily Brontë or of Wilkie Collins."

All this was changed by the appearance in 1945 and 1946 of *The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray*. This edition in four large volumes was authorized by Thackeray's family with the intention of dispelling once for all the mystery that hung about him. As its editor, I am more conscious than anyone else of its many deficiencies. Because of the Second World War, the family papers, which supplied its key contents, had to be edited from microfilm or transcripts, and other important English collections could not be used at all. Even in the United States a comprehensive search for documents that would have been routine in more settled times could not be carried out. Nevertheless, the edition does contain some 1,600 of Thackeray's letters, more than three-fifths of which had not previously been published in any form. Since its appearance I have transcribed some 900 additional letters, which will eventually appear in two supplementary volumes. But this new material alters the picture presented by the *Letters and Private Papers* only in detail, and the edition may certainly be said to have done its intended work of making the real Thackeray more fully known to the world.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Thackeray: self-portrait in pen and ink.

Thackeray's letters, together with much other new information, have made the pattern of his career sufficiently clear. We are now aware that he was born and bred a gentleman of wealth and position, and we comprehend the importance to him of his family's strong Anglo-Indian connection. We understand how the trials of his lonely boyhood ingrained in him the sensitivity and need for love that were capital elements in his character. We know in detail about his loss of a £20,000 inheritance, his brief and tragic marriage with a young wife who became insane after the birth of their third child, his hard struggle to rebuild his broken life, his long *amitié amoureuse* with Jane Octavia Brookfield—the wife of his best friend—and his efforts in his last years to replace fully for his beloved daughters the fortune that had escaped his grasp as a young man. This new familiarity with Thackeray's life as it was actually lived has greatly modified the prevailing view of his character. Michael Sadleir's harsh judgment that Thackeray was "a hypocrite and a snob," to which he was impelled by his partisanship for Bulwer-Lytton, was seen to require no refutation even before Sadleir very honorably withdrew it. Instead of the sneering simulacrum that in the past had often answered to Thackeray's name, there has emerged the figure of a humane and kindly man, remarkable above all for self-knowledge, whose occasional foibles made him only the more likable.

Moreover, clues in the *Letters and Private Papers*, combined with other evidence, have led to the addition of seventy-nine items to the bibliography of Thackeray's anonymous and pseudonymous writings for magazines and newspapers. Of these articles forty-four are in *Punch*, thirty-one in the *Morning Chronicle*, three in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and two in the *Examiner*. Significant evidence concerning Thackeray's views about fiction, politics, and religion is in the *Punch* and the *Morning Chronicle* contributions; but,

This article is drawn from an address made at the Grolier Club in December by Gordon N. Ray, president of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Thackeray's death.



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even more important, their publication assures the student he is now working from a reasonably firm knowledge of what Thackeray did and did not write during his years as a journalist.

I say this though the harvest is not entirely over even yet. The feature attraction of the December 1963 issue of *Nineteenth-Century Fiction,* a quarterly journal published by the University of California at Los Angeles, is six "Letters from a Club Arm Chair" by "Squab," transcribed from the *Calcutta Star* of 1844 and 1845. These have been identified as Thackeray's by Mr. Henry Summerfield, a young Englishman who (so he has written to me) sought employment in India after taking his university degree, primarily in order that he might track down, in the surviving file at the National Library in Calcutta, articles that Thackeray was known to have sent that newspaper.

WHAT has been the effect of our enhanced understanding of Thackeray and his literary career on his position as a writer? The abundance of new biographical information about Dickens and George Eliot provided during the last twenty years helped create new interest in these two novelists that has brought their work much higher critical esteem than before. The widespread reexamination of Thackeray's work that might supply the basis for a similar revision of judgment has not yet occurred. We have had a friendly study by Mr. Geoffrey Tillotson, a hostile study by Mr. J. Y. T. Greig, and a few valuable critical essays, for the most part about *Vanity Fair,* but this is all. Most readers are only mildly surprised, therefore, to discover that Dr. F. R. Leavis (who excluded Thackeray from the "impoverished empyrean" of his great tradition) should dismiss him as "a greater Trollope"—not intended as a compliment—and declare "it will be fair enough to Thackeray if *Vanity Fair* is kept current as, in a minor way, a classic."

In their reviews of the *Letters and Private Papers* one critic after another could be observed saying to himself, in some cases with obvious regret, "Thackeray is a fascinating and attractive man, but I can't find in his work the compelling interest that would lead me to devote prolonged study to it." Two things in particular put these critics off. They protested that Thackeray in his fiction is constantly intruding on his narrative and that the view of life communicated through this "lyric leak" is commonplace. And they complained that Thackeray's novels have no form, that they go on and on until they become the "large, loose, baggy monsters" of Henry James's famous phrase. Both charges need to be met, but I don't think they are quite the choke pears people may currently think.

In each of his major novels Thackeray, or some *alter ego* like Henry Esmond or Arthur Pendennis, is present as the teller of the tale. But the intrusive narrator of Victorian fiction is a convention, like the disappearing narrator of modern fiction, and Thackeray's choice of the one rather than the other is not necessarily damaging. The real gravamen of this charge lies in Thackeray's desire to persuade his readers to a certain view of his characters and story. It is held that his perspective is essentially shallow; that, since he has no profound intellectual interests or rigorous moral preoccupations, it remains simply that of a man of the world with strong private affections.

Moreover, it is urged that Thackeray's application even of this limited view of life is muddled and incoherent. Though he attempts to tell the truth, the emotional allegiances by which he lived often conflict with the stern realism that is his natural mode of writing. So he defends characters like Amelia Sedley and Colonel Newcome, whom he himself has clearly shown to be foolish and obstinate, because they are loyal to the domestic affections on which he places an excessive value. As he himself put it, "under the mask satirical there walks about a sentimental gentleman," and the effect of this combination of satire and sentiment is essentially equivocal. Instead of a cool and detached appraisal, one gets a mixture of censoriousness and tolerance, a sweet-and-sour dish in the Chinese manner that is not for all stomachs. The final verdict of those who see his work in this light is apt to be that of the old lady cited by Bagehot: "Mr. Thackeray was an uncomfortable writer."

TO all this the convinced Thackerayan has an answer. Thackeray does not aim at a strenuously transcendent view of life. He is content to observe that people are what experience makes of them, that they will not change to meet our wishes, and that we must learn to take them as we find them. Moreover, since the conditions of existence do not conform to any set of moral precepts, since there is little relation between virtue and success, life is an unsatisfactory business at best. Hence the comparison of the world to a fair of vanities to which Thackeray is always returning; hence the melancholy amusement that gives his writing its typical flavor. Such a perspective may not appeal to exalted moralists, but it has a certain consonance with the experience of the relaxed, easygoing, workaday world.

As to the confusion and incoherence that for some readers mar Thackeray's presentation of character, it may be argued that his alternation of sensitive affection and elusive irony enables him to take a subtler account of nuances of human behavior than would the stable and undeviating judgment that he is reproached for not possessing. George Meredith held that "you may estimate your capacity for comic perception by

—*Bettmann Archive.*

The man of letters—"melancholy amusement."

being able to detect the ridicule of them you love, without loving them the less." So it may be that Thackeray's method of showing Amelia Sedley and Colonel Newcome, now in the one light, now in the other, enables him to give rounded portraits of these characters that could be achieved in no other way.

The second charge, that Thackeray's novels lack form, rests on the assumption that they are controlled by no adequate principle of selection. But we should remember the fictions that James dismissed as "large, loose, baggy monsters" included Tolstoy's *War and Peace* as well as Thackeray's *The Newcomes.* Neither of these books is restricted to the ultimate unraveling of a single human coil in the manner that James prescribed. But consider what is given in place of this intense but limited interest. As J. B. Priestley has pointed out, if there is anything that identifies Tolstoy and Thackeray as "born novelists," it is their ability to provide "a broad steam of narrative, without simply jumping from scene to scene," yet getting full value from the big scenes as they come along. Dozens of figures are kept in motion in Thackeray's panoramic novels. It is true that many of them are portrayed chiefly through externals of character, but Becky Sharp, Major Pendennis, Beatrix Esmond, Colonel Newcome, and the rest of Thackeray's principal men and women are nonetheless explored in depth. Indeed, they gain an added salience from being displayed always against the backdrop of the passing scene, from being part of a fully described society, and from being observed over many years.

To bring about a revival of interest in Thackeray comparable to those that have already occurred in Dickens and

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# Saturday Review

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# What Have We Learned from Panama?

THE eruptions in Panama may represent an even more serious problem than Castro's Cuba to the United States. Two facts stand out.

The first fact is that the kind of trouble we are experiencing in Panama is also fast approaching a critical stage throughout a large part of the hemisphere. From southern Chile to Canada, long-dormant antagonisms and resentments are taking visible and ominous shape. The flag-raising incident in Panama was only a superficial but dramatic indication of the ease with which the situation throughout the Americas could turn from plus to minus in our hemispheric security estimates.

Second, the break with Panama occurred largely in the psychological and not the ideological arena. Ever since Cuba turned Communist, the U.S. has believed that what was most to be guarded against was further Castro-style Communism in the hemisphere. Accordingly, we placed great emphasis upon an Alliance for Progress with our Latin American neighbors. We built retaining walls around Cuba. Suddenly, however, we are discovering the potency of deep resentments, layer upon layer thick, that have been accumulating for more than a century. Some of these resentments are no more complicated than the feelings of a small and dependent nation toward a prodigiously wealthy and powerful neighbor. But radiating out beyond these reflex reactions are antagonisms that reflect something fundamentally wrong in our relationships to the peoples of the other Americas, Canada not excepted.

What has gone wrong is that we have attempted to superimpose a policy of economic and military aid on a flimsy psychological base. We have never really convinced the Canadians and Mexicans and Brazilians and Argentineans and Chileans and Venezuelans and Colombians and Bolivians and Ecuadorians and Panamanians and all the others that we were genuinely interested in them, or that we profoundly respected them, or that we placed real value on their opinions, or that we had any curiosity about their books or music or art or any of the things that give them pride and a sense of achievement. We paid attention to our neighbors in the Americas only when we ourselves became insecure and wanted to be certain no outsider would gain in influence or power. We tried to make foreign policy do the work of an insurance policy; we weren't trying to change anything that was basically wrong.

Consider our relationships with the Canadians. Nine out of ten citizens of the United States, if asked to name the one country in the Western Hemisphere with whom we have the best rapport, would mention Canada. Yet our relations with Canada today are unsteady and indeed almost precarious. The Canadians, many of them, are tired of being taken for granted. They are tired of being a cultural, economic, and military appendage. They have ideas of their own about what their foreign or domestic policy ought to be. They resent the severe markup they have to pay on American automobiles even when these products are assembled in Canada. They believe the United States is culturally arrogant. They feel they are saturated with our television, movies, magazines. They are apprehensive about American military installations on their territory, for they see implications in terms of retaliation in event of a war. They have been asked by us to play a major part in the defense of North America, but they don't feel they have any corresponding part in making the decisions that will help determine whether there will be war or peace, and therefore whether their country will live or die.

In the aftermath of the Panama crisis, newspaper stories out of Washington reported that the outbreaks there took our government by surprise. We have no way of knowing whether these stories were correct. If they were, concerned citizens may wish to know how this is possible. Quite apart from the hundreds of millions of dollars we spend in intelligence operations, some things should be apparent if we have a sense of history and a simple understanding of human responses in certain situations. But we have become so crisis-conditioned—both government and people—that it is only when a vital problem reaches the eruptive stage that we take it seriously.

Living in the big house on the top of the hill has always carried with it liabilities, problems, responsibilities. Some of the people in the surrounding countryside will be resentful, apprehensive, and antagonistic, especially if they are dependent on the hilltoppers for their subsistence, in part or whole. The burden for maintaining good relations, therefore, lies less with them than on those in the favored position. But meeting this challenge requires thought, time, and special effort—and not just power or money.

IF the United States is troubled about the situation in the Western Hemisphere, one way to make a start on the problem might be by taking the wax out of our ears. Other people have something to say that is important to them; it should be important to us to listen. Our policies affect other people; they want to be represented in the debate leading up to those policies. The peoples of the Americas would like to think that their achievements—and not just their headline-making crises—are worth notice. As nations, they may be small alongside the United States, but their aspirations and their sense of dignity are large. No amount of material aid we give will make for genuine friendship unless we also give respect and the things that go with respect.

In short, the human decencies come first. The fact that we should have to relearn or rediscover this fact is itself a problem. —N.C.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Balance Sheet

ERICH FROMM's "Creators and Destroyers" [*SR*, Jan 4] is possibly the most realistic balance sheet on our present time that has been rendered for the new year. There is something of a classic wisdom in it. . . .

A. J. SCHNEIDER.

San Pedro, Calif.

ERICH FROMM's article presents elementary questions of fact, logic, and insight. He says that a "necrophilous person can often be recognized by his looks and his gestures." His instance is Hitler. Goebbels, Goering, Streicher, or the young bloods of the SS hardly looked like Hitler. Nor like one another. Hitler's "necrophilous" appearance may have chilled the flesh, but the "biophilous" look of a ruddy young SS man might have chilled the spirit.

Dr. Fromm's biophilous person "wants to mold and to influence people by love, by reason, by his example." The poet William Blake, no neocrophile, but perhaps more prophetic of Freud than of Fromm, sees in such molding and influencing the subtlest of crimes, in poems as frequently anthologized and quoted as "How Sweet I Roamed from Field to Field," "I Laid Me Down Upon a Bank," "The Garden of Love," and "Tiger, Tiger." Mr. Fromm's article unfortunately contains not a word about the partial and provisional nature of good and evil, not a doubt about the superstition of an amiable life-process.

To take seriously his neat separation of human beings into "creators and destroyers" is to shove into Hitler's class men like Swift ("the excremental vision"); Keats (". . . for many a time I have been half in love with easeful Death"); Baudelaire ("O Death, old Captain . . ." and "Joyous Death"); and even Socrates, whose definition of philosophy is studying how to die.

Psychological analysis in moral terms, especially in such terms as "good guys" and "bad guys," biophiles and necrophiles, is neither sound psychology nor sound ethics. Dr. Fromm may be fortifying the very culture he is condemning.

PHILIP RODDMAN.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

I DO NOT SEE HOW a study of necrophilia can be honestly undertaken without considering Western diet. The slaughterhouses and butcher shops, the hung carcasses at market, and the flesh-ridden menus of our restaurants reek with death. Yet as a member of the primate family, man is naturally a frugivore and biophilous toward his fellow creatures. The average child has an instinctive enthusiasm for playing with a lamb instead of pursuing it with a knife. Yet through imitation of their elders, the generations harden themselves into a habit apparently acquired in the last ice age.

HENRY BAILEY STEVENS.

Durham, N.H.

DR. FROMM'S HYPOTHESIS that necrophilia is the most malignant pathology existent in man is a fascinating one. His argument for it is persuasive. For these very reasons, he owes us a better formula for its treatment than mere disgust and revulsion for necrophilia and admiration for biophilia. I suggest that Dr. Fromm's most effective struggle against the disease would be to get on with the research that he relegates to a footnote, rather than putting out popular articles that he must know will not stimulate constructive action, but only arouse more anxiety.

Meanwhile, let the timid take heart: a reasonable concern about what's wrong with self, family, or the world doesn't link you spiritually with Hitler. If you know what to do to save the world, work at it, but you needn't feel that the lack of a plan for salvation identifies you with Satan.

RODNEY R. BEARD, M.D.

Stanford, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Bring that cup off the stand—it's hemlock for Socrates."

## The Bare Facts

I SAW *The Victors* in Aspen, Colorado, shortly after reading *SR's* articles on the "anti-formula film" [*SR*, Dec. 28]. The difference, as revealed to us in Carl Foreman's film, is obvious. In a "formula" film there's a shot of a girl in a bubble bath; in an "anti-formula" film there's a man behind the suds.

JOHN S. HOLDEN.

Carbondale, Colo.

## Dissenting Opinions

SINCE PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S death, many women and mothers have revived the totally implausible notion that toy guns may encourage warlike or violent attitudes in their male children, and I find the willingness of editors to abet them in these views by printing their comments quite incomprehensible.

Warlike attitudes are engendered first and always by the emotional atmosphere of the home. If that atmosphere is mean and impoverished, a boy will become warlike without ever having seen or handled a gun of any kind. If the atmosphere is one of healthy approval, a boy can use play weapons from dawn to dusk (though he probably will not want to) without becoming really warlike.

Play weapons, which boys will make when they have none, will always have a constructive role in the fantasy enactments of crime and punishment by which children learn, and in the expenditure of normal resentments inherent in the process of growing up itself—but profoundly aggressive attitudes cannot derive from them; rather, the weapons can only supplement something already impregnated.

EDWIN RITCHIE.

Floral Park, N.Y.

I AM SICK OF complaints about little boys playing with cap guns—as if *that* were the source of our nation's malaise. What counts are the causes of violent feelings.

Lee Harvey Oswald came from a fatherless, rootless, migrating home. He grew up deprived of necessities in an environment that worshiped affluence and conspicuous waste; lived in an era when millions are spent every year on tranquilizers, but funds cannot be found to help even a fraction of our disturbed children; in an era when our teachers are not paid enough to keep their own children in sneakers.

Cap guns! The mind boggles! Adolf Hitler painted watercolors when he was a little boy, but would you take coloring books away from our children?

JEAN ST. GEORGE.

Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.



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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### Poulenc's *Carmelites*—Ogdon

FRANCIS POULENC and two of his ablest interpreters had an affecting reunion in Carnegie Hall under the auspices of that most devoted partisan, the American Opera Society, in mid-January. This was a reunion *in absentia*, of course, for it is just about a year now since the composer's death at sixty-four. This was no deterrent, however, to the aura of involvement that prevailed in Georges Prêtre's direction of *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, in which Denise Duval was Blanche. With them were Andréa Guiot, a new and excellent soprano from Paris, as Madame Lidoine, Claramae Turner as Madame de Croissy, Betty Allen as Mother Marie, and Sylvia Stahlman as Sister Constance.

For all the fact that this presentation lacked scenery and costumes, it was nevertheless closer to the spirit of the original than prior productions elsewhere in this country for one reason: it was given in the French text set by the composer, rather than in a translation. This is as much of a must in this work as in Debussy's *Pelléas*, to which the *Dialogues* owes some other affinities before Poulenc found a source and sustenance of his own. What in the end emerges is a series of tentacles stretching back to the main source of French composition for the theatre as remote as Rameau and as recent as Ravel. It is a work of mood, passion, and invincible conviction, made into an artistic whole by the embracing craftsmanship of its creator.

For those who contend that opera in English is the answer to understanding, attention to Poulenc's *Dialogues* is recommended as the latest, but far from the last, demonstration to the contrary. In this union of text and tone the emotion of the composer becomes the impetus of the interpreters and, through them, the experience of the audience. The miracle of "theatre" relates not to the absent elements of decor and design but to the presence of a creative vision given reality by those through whom it speaks.

Something of the heritage of the work is reflected in its dedication to Monteverdi, Moussorgsky, and Verdi, the three sources to whom Poulenc acknowledged allegiance. But this also recalls the comment by the composer on the two-piano sonata written for Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, in which he speaks of its derivation from Mozart as no longer part of a game related to a portrait on the wall, but to something deeper, more fundamental. The presumption of such a dedication finds its justification in the thing that is dedicated.

Prêtre's second appearance of the season in Carnegie Hall (previously as director of the visiting Royal Philharmonic last fall) suggested that he is as much at ease with the opportunities of operatic direction as he is with obligations of the symphonic. Miss Duval, who was last noted here as the Mélisande of a Glyndebourne *Pelléas* last summer, was never required to push her slender sound to make the equivocations of Blanche audible, nor was Miss Turner limited in the volume she produced in the death scene of the Prioress. What this means, simply, is that Prêtre was alert to the dynamic differential in each case, and adjusted the orchestra accordingly. In taking over, for the later acts, the part of the drama earlier associated with Miss Turner, Miss Guiot used her bright, varicolored sound in an altogether artistic way. Miss Stahlman sang a beautiful Sister Constance, and Miss Allen brought substantial qualities to her assignment, as Russell Christopher and Davis Cunningham did to theirs. This was, in all, an operatic experience of the first order for immemorable reasons: able singers under authoritative direction performing a work of quality with love and understanding.

Another operatic experience of the week was provided by the NBC-TV Opera in a performance of Donizetti's *Lucia*, for which an English translation by Anne Grossman was utilized. How much closer to Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* this was than is commonly heard from the Italian text of Salvatore Cammarano is hard to say. It doubtless offered the reassurance of an occasionally intelligible phrase, especially from Michael Trimble as Edgardo, for those caught in channel-switching. But much else was silly, when it could be made out at all. Kirk Browning's direction was typically resourceful, Alfred Wallenstein's musical supervision was always expert, and the colors in Robert Wightman's design were heatherishly Highland.

In the crucial role of Lucia, Linda Newman (who has sung at the City Center as well as in Italy) was dependably fluent, if sometimes acidulous. The sense of a continuous musical experience was occasionally inhibited by the plain disparity between sound and image that betrayed pre-recording in the "Mad Scene." The opportunity for re-recording also removed some problems of marksmanship. Considering the anti-electronic nature of the drama and its musical exposition, this effort in a difficult idiom reflected credit on the production team headed by producer Samuel Chotzinoff, and on the adaptability of Richard Torigi, a fluent Enrico Ashton, and Chester Watson, a more than ordinarily plausible Raimondo.

THE American debut in Carnegie Hall of John Ogdon, the English pianist who shared first honors with Vladimir Ashkenazy in the most recent Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow, was in every way atypical. Shaggy, corpulent, bearded, he presents no such portrait of self-assurance at the keyboard as the usual internationalist. And he is no such model of pianistic virtue as the circumstances of his prize-winning suggest. But, in distinction to most prize-winners, he is a musician of brains and temperament whose artistic maturity exceeds, rather than trails, his technical command.

Viewed merely as piano playing, Ogdon's performances of the C-sharp minor Prelude and Fugue from Book I of Bach's *Well Tempered Clarier*, the Opus 109 Sonata of Beethoven, and the two books of Brahms's *Paginini* Variations were erratic, short of the kind of sonority called shimmering, and tonally undistinguished. He has a flair for swift flights of leggiero up and down the keyboard, but his octaves are uncertain; he can pound out a heavy fortissimo, but there is little vibrance in his *piano*; his legato is a passive rather than an active element in the impression he conveys.

Nevertheless and withal, Ogdon keeps the attention more consistently occupied than a dozen contemporaries with greater facility. He may play an inaccurate note, but rarely a thoughtless one. He may not always be able to do what he wants, but there is no doubt of what he wants to do. He is, in short, something rarer these days than a polished pianistic mechanism: a musical mentality, an artistic personality, a whole being concentrated on the problem of self-expression.

This endeavor included a series of variations and a final fugue on a theme of his own, which spoke more of a creative



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impulse than a fully disciplined command of it. Taken together with a concept of Bach as a poet as well as a pedant, of a Brahms who was impetuous as well as highly organized, and a Busoni (*Sonatina Secondo*) who was some part of all of these things, the conclusion would have to be that John Ogdon is a name destined to resound in the music of our time, though whether as pianist, composer, or perhaps conductor, no one—including himself—could rightfully say with certainty now.

—Irving Kolodin.

## Two-Thirds Wolpe

Stefan Wolpe's Symphony No. 1, a massive serial composition that impressed Leonard Bernstein for its "intensity and musicality" eight years ago, was to have its premiere at the latest of the Philharmonic's *Avant-Garde* programs. What actually emerged, however, was more like Wolpe's Symphony No. .66, for the orchestra found itself unable to prepare more than two movements by performance time.

Bernstein claimed in his apologetic remarks that the work was too difficult to be done *in toto*. There was applause, by the way, when he said that he had not intended, originally, to speak at all. He also explained the problems of rescoring the orchestral parts from Wolpe's impractical notation scheme (conductor-mathematician Stefan Bauer-Mengelberg helped here), and that he preferred to do two movements well rather than to merely approximate all three.

What Bernstein failed to explain was why rehearsals for so difficult a project began only two days before the premiere, or why the actual playing under Bauer-Mengelberg seemed so tentative, even in two movements. At this point, it may no longer be worth asking why a program in which fifteen minutes of modernism is sandwiched between a Beethoven symphony and a Beethoven concerto should be labelled *The Avant-Garde*.

Such considerations aside, Wolpe's symphony proved as tantalizing—for what it promised—as frustrating—for what the Philharmonic delivered. Taking advantage of the mighty forces at his disposal, Wolpe has built a fascinating structure that combines new procedures with old-fashioned, even Mahleresque sonorities. Since most of the compositional formulas remain a mystery to listeners without a score, one wonders if the same kind of results might not be achieved with a less complex technique. But this is Wolpe's problem. The listener, after all, is concerned only with the end product, and in this case it is bold, engrossing, and, for the most part, meaningfully articulated.

—Martin Bernheimer.

## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### Heavy, Heavy What Hangs Over

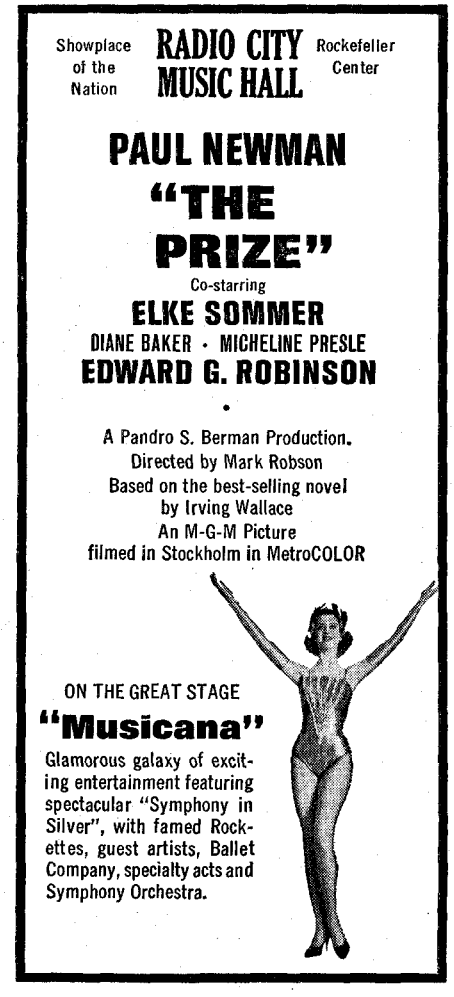
Something is astir on the American screen that has not been visible there since the Thirties. Then our country was in deep trouble, both economically and politically. The Depression had roused the forces of a native fascism; floods and dust storms cruelly harassed an already stricken people. But Charles Laughton read the Gettysburg Address and made it an affirmation, not an elocution lesson. Mr. Deeds went to town, Mr. Smith went to Washington in defense of the ideals of our democracy. *The Grapes of Wrath* bespoke an abiding faith in our people and our way of life.

During the war years, faith was supplanted by flag-waving, and ideals fell victim to catch-phrases and emotionalism. Throughout the Fifties, as we cowered under the twin threats of Communism and the bomb, even this was choked off. The predominant mood of the American film was escapist. With notably few exceptions, the film-makers either looked back or they looked away. Of course they could always argue that people did not go to the movies to be reminded of their troubles; yet in the Thirties troubles were far more immediate—and so were films. And the motion picture industry did not suffer for it.

Now, suddenly, that sleeping giant, the cinema, is waking up again. It rubs its eyes and sees the bomb—and, beyond that, the threat the bomb holds for an anxious democracy. If the Swiftian (Jonathan, not Tom) nightmares of *Dr. Strangelove* pose these problems in terms of brilliant, uneasy satire, *Seven Days in May* attacks them with no less brilliant and equally unsettling melodrama. Rod Serling's adaptation of that best-seller leaves no doubt that the authoritarian superpatriots, faced by another authoritarianism, have no faith in our constitutional form of government and in their fright and isolation would destroy it without compunction. But in the name of patriotism.

What *Seven Days in May* sets forth with great urgency and some eloquence is that the destruction of our democracy is an act of subversion, no matter how patriotically motivated, and that our country, shorn of its Constitution, becomes a meaningless symbol. As a first step toward such a seizure of power, a shadowy military clique headed by a General Scott (Burt Lancaster) plots the elimination of the liberal but not notably popular President of the United States (Fredric March). Fragments of the plan, pieced together by Marine Corps Colonel Kirk Douglas, form a chain that leads to a rather beat-up Washington socialite (Ava Gardner), a clutch of Scott's Air Force supporters, and an unctuous, vacillating admiral, neatly enacted by movie producer John Houseman.

With this top-notch cast, director John Frankenheimer moves his plot immediately into high gear and holds it there. Probably the most frenetic picture-maker in Hollywood today, he keeps his cameras swirling through crowded, top-secret corridors, close to sweaty yet magnetic faces, tight on the cold, neon-lit apparatus of impersonal warfare. As a result, *Seven Days in May* generates all the fascination and excitement of his earlier *Manchurian Candidate*—but to a higher purpose. For behind the melodrama, and despite Serling's frequently platitudinous dialogue, motivating both the action and its denouement is a simple, clear understanding of what democracy is all about. And the no less simple and clear statement that the makers of this film are in favor of it. —Arthur Knight.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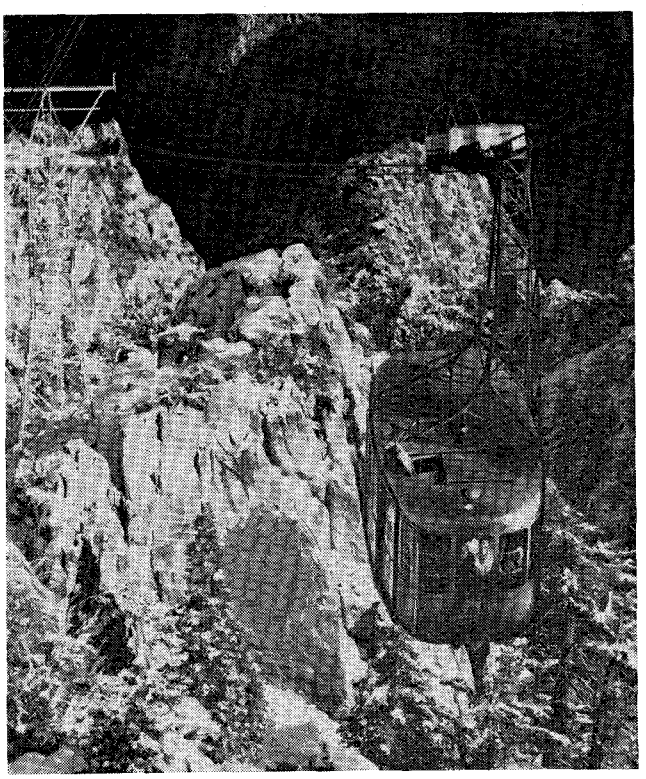
## Sonata for a Sherpa

WHATEVER exotic resorts are uncovered elsewhere in the world, there is certainly no diminution of the popularity of Palm Springs, or so it seemed to me when I steamed in the other winter week. The fraternity in from the smoky dells of Hollywood was in full smoky convention at the Racquet Club, which is just what the club members were raising the evening I arrived.

The next morning bloomed bright and clear, the up-early-and-doers were already on the courts, and, it being a weekend in the holiday season, the place was full of kids. Hollywood's children seem to have been bred of a special strain. The ten-year-old who was sitting alone behind me was having a bad time working his way through a mountain of French toast. With his big glasses and serious mien he looked like a boy producer who had been shrunk by some secret process of the Orinoco Indians. "Waiter," he called, "bring me my check, please." The reply, which was, "Yes, Mr. Rantz," threw me a bit, but Mr. Rantz was not unnerved. He was used to being addressed that way and probably had been since the age of four. When the waiter brought the bill Mr. Rantz took it on his lap and looked at it very closely, pencil in hand. "What's this for?" he demanded, finding a perplexing item for which he had been charged. "And what's *this* for?" he asked, finding another. When he was satisfied that he had not been bilked by the staff of the Racquet Club, he stuck his tongue between his teeth and, holding the check on his knee, signed it. Then he went back to work on the French toast.

"S'matter Rantz, can't you finish?" said a young heckler, pulling abeam of Mr. Rantz's table. "I didn't have to pay for the bacon. They threw that in. It was on the house," Mr. Rantz explained. What he didn't have to pay for he didn't have to eat. He had paid for the French toast, which he now pitchforked into his mouth. "I hate this stuff," he said with conviction. "I don't know why I ordered it. Matter of fact, it stinks."

I was joined in the middle of this pronouncement by Eddie Oliver, who leads the orchestra at the Racquet Club and who is called Eddie by the waiters. Mr. Oliver was eager to show me his new *San Jacinto Suite*, which was written expressly for the Palm Springs Aerial Tramway, a cable car that had recently been built at the north end of town. In the Hollywood civilization—Palm Springs, you understand, is merely a winter suburb—musical inspiration, or any other for that matter, obviously flows from the least expected sources.



Aerial tramway at Palm Springs—tramburgers, mountain lions, and a view from the top.

The separate pieces of Mr. Oliver's suite in commemoration of the aerial tramway include "I'll Meet You There," an amiable if generalized notion, "The Roadrunner and the Sidewinder," a pair of species found on the mountain, and "Up! Up! Up!" a virtually self-explanatory bit of business. "Tell It to the Tall Tall Pine" suggests the flight in the cable car over the timber line. "So Close to Paradise" tells you about how far one can expect to go. "Happy Skating" suggests the mountaintop rink that has not been built yet. "Schottische for White Woodpeckers" does as much for the ornithological wonders of San Jacinto Mountain as "You Can't Bossa Nova with a Centipede" does for the joys of its insect colony.

Mr. Oliver's grand opus may not push Chopin, but hereabouts it is looked upon with at least as much promise and with equal favor. Look what Ferde Grofé's *Grand Canyon Suite* has done for *that* place. After Mr. Oliver had played the score while his wife sang the lyrics (now there is something even Grofé doesn't have), there was no turning back. I found myself in a car headed for the north end of town, about to be propelled up! up! up!

The Valley Station of the tramway is tucked away in a canyon four miles from the midtown action. For a dollar you can park your car in the desolate canyon and proceed by shuttle bus to Valley Station. Both bus ride and admission to Valley Station, somewhat to my surprise, were free. The building itself has a conscious, perhaps a planned European look, with great V-shaped picture windows opening on a wondrous view of the rugged, rockbound scene.

Chairless tables offer a stand-up view for those who munch on tramburgers and tramburgers with cheese while waiting for the next car to sail so close to paradise. A self-service bar provides water cups, relish, mustard, toothpicks, and other necessities for the mountain climber. A Bavarian bar has checkered tablecloths, cut-out banisters, and crinkled glass lamps, all of which were devised, I would think, to evoke memories of Garmisch-Partenkirchen or perhaps a Bund meeting in Yonkers in 1933. If anyone really catches the fever, the souvenir shop sells enameled steins in a variety of sizes up to $22.50. Slides showing color views of the ride are available for those whose hands shake in high places. For that matter, $4.95 buys a set of twenty slides that will regale your friends, and you don't have to go up at all. I must say I was a little unnerved by the counter where "good luck pins" were sold, not to mention sculptured rosaries containing earth from the catacombs of Rome, guaranteed to have been imported from Italy.

Having, in my daredevil days, traversed all the flying cars and dangling chairs of Switzerland, having thumbed a ride on the famed *téléférique* at Chamonix, whose cables later became a trip wire for a passing airplane, and having been part of an all-night rescue squad deep in Norway which extricated trapped occupants of a cable car that had gone awry, I entered the aerial tramway there in California bereft of my youthful enthusiasm. As the car slid along the cables and the ground disappeared below, I did, come to think about it, wonder just what Mr. Oliver had in mind when he wrote "So Close to Paradise."

There are five towers on the way to



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the 8,516-foot summit and every time we passed one the gondola swayed like a cradle in a treetop and the crowd of standees went, "Oooohhh!" Scattered over the rocky valley below were the empty spools that had carried 13,600 feet of cable westward from Trenton. Bits of rope and scaffolding lay along the pathway too, left over from the construction days when all the materials were brought up the mountain by helicopters. From the day the first survey was taken until the first paying customers floated up the valley, two years and two months had passed, and so had $8,000,000 in construction costs. The whole project had been financed with a bond issue that was snapped up by the public. So far the attendance record is slightly ahead of expectations, with 1,000 people a day riding up the cables to see what's on top. They pay $3.50 per person and $4 on weekends and holidays.

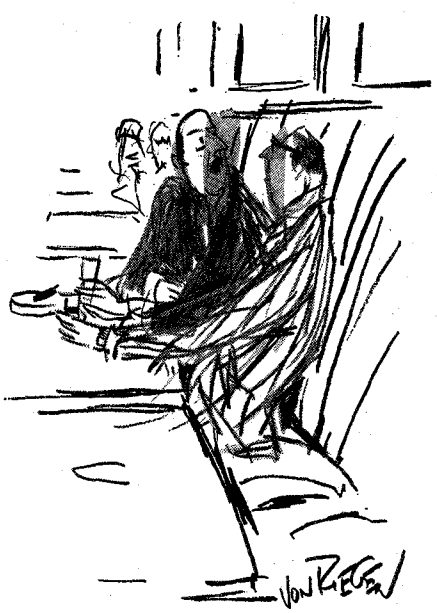
The ride is a seasonal show, for the canyon floor is filled with sycamore, cottonwood, and black maple. On the hills is whipple yucca, lavendar, wild apricot, and burrow-bush, and an occasional bighorn sheep lurking in the brush. This growth gives way to scrub oak, mountain mahogany, wild lilac, and juniper, with ferns arching under the trees. The sheep are joined now by deer, fox, mountain lion, and bobcat. Higher up, the white firs start, standing like young Christmas trees. Lupines and poppies grow. Then come the lodge pole pines and big cone pines.

The mountain station at the 8,516-foot level has been hung around the rock outcroppings, among the white firs and pines. The big hall inside has a beamed ceiling, a roaring fireplace, big chairs, and an Alpine look. Breakfast and lunch are served cafeteria-style, with a chef in a white hat and a cashier in an Alpine rig complete with a two-foot-long feather in her cap. Some difficulties were encountered by the kitchen staff when they began to cook in these altitudes. Water came to a boil at 194 degrees instead of 212. Three-minute eggs had to be boiled 50 per cent longer. Muffins rise mysteriously with half the baking powder used at sea level. In the evening, meals are served by Tyrolean-style waitresses who rise, not so mysteriously, in the cable car. So, for that matter, must each morsel of food. Tables are scattered among the rocks and boulders, some of which have been embraced by the building and are indoors, and some of which lie without, warmed in winter by an outdoor fireplace.

The view, which, aside from the ride itself, is the aerial tramway's greatest attraction, sweeps off with some splendor the whole length of the sandy desert valley floor. In the beige mist one can see the lazy loop of the airport runways, the etched lines of the freeway, and the Southern Pacific's tracks, and the intersection they make at the metropolis of Thousand Palms. Desert Hot Springs and Cathedral City lie baking in the strong morning sun, and the green splotches of Thunderbird and Tamarisk country clubs are evident from a mile and a half in the sky.

The weather is cool on top. In winter the great attraction for desert brats is throwing snowballs. In summer the coolness of the altitudes is everyone's pleasure. Soon a microwave system will permit phone calls from the top ("Hello, Ma! Guess where I am?"). Later there will be the skating rink that Mr. Oliver has already immortalized in song. The year around, there is about a forty-degree difference in temperature between the valley floor and the mountain station. In the heights the first snows come in October and there is always a possibility of storms. The weather doesn't seem to bother the cars, but it does hinder the hikers who in the late summer and early fall, after the tramway had first opened, were fond of riding up and walking down. So many riders were arriving with knapsacks and spending the weekend that the state had to put in a ranger station to keep track of the trekkers.

For those who prefer to ride down—I must confess I was one—the car edges slowly from its nest at the mountain station, slips along the great sagging loops of cable between the towers, which have been riveted into rock outcroppings. En route one can look clear out to Indio where the dates grow, but as the gondola swings lower it enters the cathedral walls of a gorge, swaying 1,000 feet over a rocky gulch. "What people won't do for a thrill," said an elderly gallused man behind me. "Ain't been so excited since Cinerama." —HORACE SUTTON.

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## The Natives Are Restless

A FEW YEARS AGO Dennis Mitchell, an English television producer, came here to make a documentary about Chicago for the BBC. WBKB, the ABC Network's Chicago outlet, was associated with Mitchell in the production of the film, and Sterling Quinlan, the station's vice-president, had planned to present it locally. Mitchell's documentary was shown in England, but never in the United States. The mayor of Chicago and others concerned with the city's image found the portrait unflattering and communicated their views to the ABC Television Network in New York.

Even so, the English producer's influence is still felt at WBKB. Quinlan and Dan Schuffman, his program manager, were impressed by their visitor's documentary technique; he had worked in radio and preferred to make soundtapes first and illustrate them with movie film shot afterward. "Mitchell paints like a novelist," explained Quinlan to me, mixing his metaphors enthusiastically. The sound track separate from picture, creatively intermixed, is a technique now used regularly in WBKB's local programing specials. The station's production teams, guided by Executive Producer Schuffman, use it in a frankly experimental and imaginative manner. They produce programs that probe beyond the current frontiers of network news and public affairs documentaries. The WBKB staff calls its work "nonfiction essays," to distinguish them from conventional news documentaries or "art films," to which they are closely akin.

The "essay" form of nonfiction television is not new. Sporadically it is seen in network and local presentations around the country. Good ones have been done in educational television, particularly at the University of Michigan, but these are usually aimed at a limited viewing audience. Chicago's WKBK staff insists that it aims its efforts at commercial television audiences, claiming, furthermore, that the ratings outrank those achieved by most of the network news documentaries that come to Chicago.

*Tale of Two Cities*, the most recent WBKB special, was done by Bill Friedkin, a twenty-six-year-old producer-director. It has a vivid, lyrical style in picture composition and cutting, and an uncommon sense of contrast, rhythm, and the unexpected. The sixty-minute program bounced impressions of London and Chicago off the perceptions of two traveling groups of actors—the American *Second City* company visiting London and the English satirical *Establishment* troupe during a Chicago engagement. There was no narrator. Audiences heard the taped introspective comments of the actors as the camera caught them wandering about London and Chicago. Sometimes word and scene were directly related; sometimes the connections were symbolic or created mood. Friedkin described the program as "an exercise." It had its defects—a lack of design and unity—but its moments of character revelation, pictorial beauty, and imaginative nuance were plentiful.

The opportunity to indulge improvisations of virtuosity is rare in television. Quinlan believes in asking talent what it wants to do, then permitting talent to take as long as it needs to get a show ready. The gifted young Friedkin, who has turned out other noteworthy programs for WBKB, says he has been offered more money to work elsewhere, but he values the creative climate at ABC's Chicago station.

OTHER production teams enjoy the same inspirational working conditions. *The Fourth Man* was produced by Sam Ventura and Ronny Born. With tape recorder and camera, they followed a Negro family migrating from Louisiana to Chicago in search of a better life. Again the narrator was absent; again the introspective, wild track-talk was counterpointed by visual images. It was a warm, affective experience of an odyssey.

Looked at from the corporate viewpoint, the station's effort is inspired by the urge of a network-owned local station to create its own special identity; profits must be maximized, yet public service points must be scored with the FCC. A local station cannot and must not compete with network shows in entertainment. Local station people who want to be creative in their own right grow restive imitating network news documentaries, which, says Quinlan, "usually are dull, don't get mass audiences, and are a waste of time and money." His answer is creative exploration of the one area that network television has left virgin—nonfiction that has serious content but is attractive to large audiences because it involves them on the more universal level of art and entertainment.—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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LITERARY HORIZONS

## Homage to a Household Deity

I HAVE read seven or eight of the score of novels Ivy Compton-Burnett has written, but after each book I could not, from memory, give a coherent account of any but the one I had just finished reading. On the other hand, I can pretty well state what a Compton-Burnett novel is like.

The action in a novel by this author cannot be dated with any precision, but one usually has an impression that it is taking place in the early years of the century. The scene is likely to be a great house, which is never described in any detail. The novels, indeed, are completely unfurnished, to use Willa Cather's phrase: we never know what the characters wear, what they eat, what they think about the world at large. What we do know is the way that they talk, for the typical novel is at least 90 per cent dialogue, with an occasional succinct paragraph of description or exposition. The characters, including servants and children, are not only extraordinarily articulate but also uncommonly forthright: they reveal their innermost thoughts and feelings without reservation or embarrassment. The plots may well be melodramatic, but one thinks of the novels themselves as rather uneventful and subdued.

*A God and His Gifts* (Simon & Schuster, $4.50) is completely representative. This is the way it begins:

> "I will ask you once more. It is the last time. Will you or will you not?"
> "I will not. It is also the last time. It must be the last."
> "You will not give me your reasons?"
> "I will give you one. You have too much. Your house and your land. Your parents and your sister. Your sister who is also your friend. Your work and your growing name. I like things to be on a moderate scale. To have them in my hands and not be held by them."
> "That is not the only reason. There must be a deeper one."
> "There is. And it may be deep. I do not want to marry."

Still without telling us who the speakers are or where they are or anything about them, Miss Compton-Burnett briefly describes them, emphasizing the unconventionality of the woman's appearance. She proceeds:

> Her companion was a large, dark man, with solid, shapely features, heavy, gentle, nervous hands, strong sudden movements and a look of smoldering force. He ignored convention in another way, and in one that was his own. A consciousness of being a known and regarded figure showed in his dress and his bearing, and was almost undisguised. The breach of family tradition involved in his leading a writer's life in addition to a landowner's, enhanced him in his own eyes and supported his conception of himself.

We eventually learn that this man, whom we have seen bidding farewell to his mistress, is Hereward Egerton, son of Sir Michael Egerton and a successful novelist. He is the central character, indeed the god of the title, and the novel, though it is as brief as most of the author's are, covers some thirty years of his married life. For, soon after leaving Rosa, the mistress, he marries Ada Merton, the rather colorless daughter of a neighbor, and she bears him three sons.

ALL of the characters—and there are quite a few—are members of the family or are closely connected with it. They form a compact group, and they have a habit of gathering as a group to discuss more or less intimate matters. All of them, even those who seem somewhat simple-minded, such as Hereward's father, express themselves with great facility and in rather elegant language. They are never long-winded, however, and they have no need to be, for each can grasp the meaning of another no matter how subtly it may be presented. Even the very young are both articulate and perceptive. (One



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of the characters says, "I wonder who thought of the innocence of childhood. It must have been a person of great originality.") And the butler, in his laconic and sardonic way, can play the game as well as anyone.

We are told little about Hereward's novels except that, as he himself puts it, they have "cheered the homes of thousands." (His second son, who has literary aspirations, does not think well of them.) On the other hand, we are told much about his amorous adventures. He seduces the fiancée of one of his sons, and she bears a child, whom he adopts without acknowledging his paternity. The truth comes out when he shows too great a fondness for the fiancée of another son. And it is subsequently revealed that he has had a daughter by his wife's sister.

Each of these revelations provides the occasion for a family council, in the course of which each member presents his views. Although they all talk the same language, the various members are clearly differentiated by what they say, and we come to see them more and more sharply as the novel proceeds.

As for Hereward, we have seen him from the first as a man conscious of his greatness, and most of his associates feel this quality in him. His devoted sister Zillah tells his wife, "You have not married an ordinary man." Hereward himself, after his misdeeds have been exposed, says, "I am a man of great powers, swift passions and a generous heart. You have met them all, benefited by most, suffered from some." At the end he remarks, "I do not see myself as a god." "Then how does he see himself?" his eldest son asks. "None but a god could be as he is, and remain exalted in all our eyes." Miss Compton-Burnett does not make the reader believe that Hereward is a god —probably she wasn't trying to—but she does make us believe in his belief and the belief of those around him.

It is hard for me to assume that this novel, which is now so clear to me, will eventually fade and blur as its predecessors have done, but I am afraid that it will. This may be the price Miss Compton-Burnett pays for her cleverness, for all the artificialities she employs so adroitly: one comes to remember only the technical skill and the general themes, not individual stories or particular people. But perhaps the pleasure the novels give as one reads them is enough. Her complete control of her technique, her insights, her wit, her freedom from illusions, her ability to make one believe in a world that one knows is not real—these are virtues not to be underestimated.

—Granville Hicks.

**ON THE FRINGE**

# Books and a Barefoot Publisher

On FEBRUARY 24 Atheneum will publish *Episode*, subtitled "Report on the Accident Inside My Skull," by Eric Hodgins, who had a large portion of the population chuckling a while back with his novels *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* and *Blandings' Way*. The photograph on the dust jacket of his new book shows the author with a cigarette which he shouldn't have and without hair which he should have, at least around the ears. "The lady who took the picture," he explained, "used backlighting which practically bleached the hair out, and whoever processed the picture must have decided I had a halo that didn't belong with my face and took it all out. As for that cigarette, technically I shouldn't have it but I told my doctor he had to leave me one vice. So this is it."

Mr. Hodgins's new book covers three years of his life beginning with the morning of January 8, 1960, when he suffered a stroke followed first by a mental depression serious enough to warrant hospitalization and then by a fall which laid him up with a cracked hip. Though *Episode* sounds as if it might contain a few less laughs than *Crime and Punishment*, Mr. Hodgins says, "It's not a grim book, but neither is it *Mr. Blandings Has a CVA*."

It must have been the blank expression on my face that prompted Mr. Hodgins to say, "The medical profession never uses the word stroke. They call it a CVA, short for cerebro-vascular accident. Physicians, when dealing with patients, prefer to say 'your episode,' which sounds cozier than 'your CVA.' That's where my title comes from. Oh, and an episode doesn't have aftereffects; it leaves 'residuals.'

"Anyway, my book exists because of Leona Baumgartner; to whom it is dedicated. She, as you know, was appointed Commissioner of Health for New York City by Mayor Wagner. Then President Kennedy named her Assistant Secretary of State, and she is now the Assistant Administrator for the AID program.

"Well, there I was suffering the residuals of my episode. My writing was inhibited both mentally and physically, with the emphasis on the latter. I had always been a fast and inaccurate typist and now I could no longer type. I was not in good shape when Leona started prodding me to write a book about what I had been through. She said it would be good for me and it might be helpful to others, since so little is known about a stroke from the patient's viewpoint.

"Writing is tough enough even when the author is in top form. In my case it meant retraining myself to get my longhand back in shape and that took time. Well, I resisted Leona for two years by every lie and evasion I had ever encountered in a quarter of a century as an editor with Time, Inc. She's smart. She never asked how the book was coming along. I could have handled that. Instead, she kept saying, 'Where's your book?' As you can see, she won."

**Outside my window** I could see people freezing to death. Inside, the radiator was hissing and there wasn't an appointment on my pad. It was the best of all possible days. And then the phone rang and one of the loveliest voices I have ever heard said, "Mr. Frankel, I bet I'm the only barefoot publisher you've ever heard of. Won't you come and see me?"

One hour later, shaved and dressed to the nines, I was seated in the lobby of Alice McGrath's hotel trying to guess how many frostbitten fingers would have to be removed and wondering which icy street was resounding to the slap of naked flesh as my barefooted publisher dashed back to meet me. Naturally, she arrived in shoes. "Well, I do wear them when it's cold or rainy, but back in Los Angeles, where Thor Publishing Company is, I conduct most of my business barefoot."

I followed her up to her room, where she removed her shoes and her coat and gave me a look at what gets my vote for the prettiest publisher I've ever seen unless you know another 5'2", 119-pound publisher who looks like Paulette Goddard. If my mind was wandering from matters pertinent to this column, they didn't wander for long. "What does Thor publish?" I asked, just to hear the voice again.

Miss McGrath, who was curled up in an easy chair opposite me with her pretty little tootsies tucked under her, handed me a paperback book entitled *Stick Fighting for Self-Defense: Yawara, Aikido, Cane, Police Club, Quarter-Staff*, by Bruce Tegnér. One of the cover pictures showed Alice McGrath looking as cute as a button as she jabbed a



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fullback type in the stomach with a stick. "You?" I asked.

She smiled with becoming modesty. "Thor publishes books on self-defense by Bruce Tegnér. Twelve of them so far. He's the only author I have and I'm not looking for others. Thor may be the smallest publishing house in the country—I'm the editorial and business staff and there's a man who handles packing and shipping—but our net profit in the five years we've been in existence is better than many larger houses."

IN its five-year, twelve-book history, Thor has published only one flop, *Self-Defense for Women*. "Women don't want to defend themselves," Miss McGrath explained, "They seem to feel that men should protect them and see that they are not put in danger."

Miss McGrath became a publisher and jabber of men's stomachs because she "didn't want to go back to reweaving." It seems that she had once been a reweaver of damaged materials—a home job that allowed her to be with her children—and bored to death when she got an offer to serve as production manager on the film *The Savage Eye*. When that ended, she became a sales representative for Grove Press rather than face a return to patching cigarette burns. Somewhere along the way she took her eight-year-old son to Bruce Tegnér's School of Self-Defense and became fascinated herself, started jabbing away, and ended up as a teacher to would-be jabbers and gougers.

One historic day she and Mr. Tegnér were talking and he pointed out that there was no good American book on the subject of self-defense. It led to Thor's first book, *Karate: The Open Hand and Foot Fighting*, completely produced by just two people—Miss McGrath and Mr. Tegnér. To date, the book has sold 100,000 copies at $1.95 each, which proves that Alice McGrath can afford just about all the shoes she wants to wear if she wants to wear any at all.

"Most days," she said, "I leave home barefooted and go through my whole business day that way. They seem to be used to me in Los Angeles. I can walk into my bank and they don't say a thing. There are even two good restaurants where I'm welcome without shoes. I only wear them now where it might embarrass someone else. I even attended the American Booksellers Association convention in Washington, D. C., without shoes."

Now I ask you, dear reader, isn't America wonderful? Where else could a well-shod reweaver work her way up the ladder of success to barefoot? It's Horatio Alger with calluses.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

**BOOKS IN THE NEWS**

# Two Angles on the Marxist Vision

***Communist Strategies in Asia: A Comparative Analysis of Governments and Parties,*** *edited by A. Doak Barnett (Praeger. 292 pp. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $2.50), scrutinizes Red Chinese and Soviet maneuvers in six Eastern nations. Frank N. Trager, professor of international affairs at New York University, is co-author and editor of "Marxism in Southeast Asia."*

By FRANK N. TRAGER

THIS useful short volume probes the effects on six Asian communist parties of what A. Doak Barnett calls alternatively the "intense conflict" or "the competition" between the USSR and the Chinese Peoples Republic (CPR). It also traces the main outlines of communist strategy, tactics, and ideology in North Korea, North Viet-Nam, and Outer Mongolia, and in "the three largest and most important noncommunist Asian countries," India, Japan, and Indonesia.

The editor holds that there exist two major communist "models," the Soviet and the Chinese, each of which seeks to impose on other communist parties its own "detailed prescriptions for strategy and tactics," as well as certain "ideological fundamentals." The variant chapters on the Soviet and Chinese "models" by Donald S. Zagoria of Columbia University and Robert C. North of Stanford University deserve a perusal, if for no other reason than because the authors—like the other contributors to this study—are authoritative in their fields.

"No, no—that's the export permit!"

The country-by-country studies, however, are perhaps more rewarding to the reader. For the politico-historical analyses presented by Harry Gelman of London and Columbia universities on India, Paul F. Langer of the Rand Corporation on Japan, Ruth T. McVey of MIT on Indonesia, Glenn D. Paige of Princeton on North Korea, Robert A. Rupen of North Carolina University on Mongolia, and Bernard A. Fall of France, now at Howard University, on North Viet-Nam are generally admirable if compressed summaries of data that must become better known if the noncommunist world ever decides to deal adequately with the threats with which it is confronted. Professor Barnett may be particularly applauded for his decision to include the chapters on Mongolia and North Korea, for these countries and their communist regimes are least understood by Americans.

Is there conflict and competition between the supreme leaders of the Soviet Union and Communist China? Newspapers in Moscow, Peking, and elsewhere daily confirm overt expression of such. Harsh words have been hurled by both the Russians and the Chinese at each other ever since Khrushchev's de-Stalinization campaign got up verbal steam in 1956 and '57.

The issue is not the terms or the fact of the debate. The issue is what does the debate mean under a given set of circumstances? This question, as answered in *Communist Strategies in Asia,* requires the detailed data analysis of experts. Other specialists may disagree with the authors of the book's chapters on the six Asian nations but they would first have to uncover and cite relevant data. Needless to say, this can be and frequently is done. To me, the evidence from these chapters does not support the notion of a single "model," Soviet or Chinese. It does support the view that we have to re-examine what is meant by "communist monolithicism"—a term loosely used even when applied to Stalin's era.

I submit that more harm than good comes from the use of the ambiguous word "model" (with Chinese or Russian modifiers). The word, in current fashion, comes largely from the mathemati-



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# PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO

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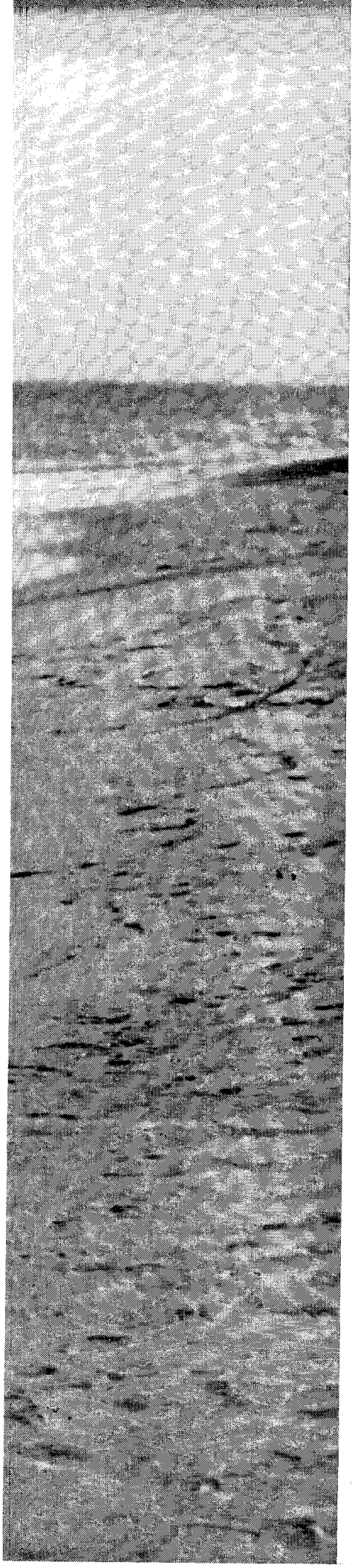

# "The happiest years of my life"

*(Pablo Casals talks about his 6 years in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico)*

AT THE AGE of 80, Pablo Casals decided to make his home in Puerto Rico.

Here is what he said at the time—on his first visit to this sunny Commonwealth in the Caribbean:

> *"The first time I was aware I was alive, I heard the sound of the sea. Before, I would have said that the most beautiful sea was the one I had in front of my house in Spain. But I must confess that the sea I am looking at now is even more beautiful. The natural thing that occurs to me is to make Puerto Rico my home and do for this country everything within my power."*

Pablo Casals has done exactly that. Now—at 86—this world-famous cellist, conductor and composer is one of the Commonwealth's most energetic residents.

The Casals Festival, organized in 1957, has become an annual event in Puerto Rico.

The presence of Pablo Casals on the island led to the formation of the Puerto Rico Symphony Orchestra. He also helped establish the Commonwealth Conservatory of Music.

### A man at peace with himself

Here's how Pablo Casals speaks of his six years in Puerto Rico.

"They have been the happiest years of my life. Living in this house by the sea, I am at peace. I devote myself to my work. The routine of my days is both pleasurable and constant. I get up at 7 o'clock in the morning for a walk on the beach. Walking on the beach, I look at the sea and sky and I am renewed in my feeling of awe and joy over the wonder of nature.

> *"Here in Puerto Rico, I sense a freedom of spirit, a respect for the dignity of man."*

What of the future? Pablo Casals answers without hesitating. "I shall stay here in Puerto Rico and make music, which is my life."

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*This is one of a series of reports to U. S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for "Puerto Rico '63," a report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 103 J, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10019.*

◀ **Pablo Casals** takes his regular morning stroll on the beach in front of his house in Puerto Rico. Photo by Tom Hollyman.

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cal and physical sciences. It has been adopted by the mathematical economists with no great success. It should be avoided in the main in the other social sciences. There are too many variables to construct "models," especially in politics. Moreover, to be scientifically valid, "models" must establish identities, uniformities, or other replications in experience. The Russian-Chinese leaders even in "conflict" have pursued in Asia and elsewhere both similar as well as conflicting policies. For example, Communist China's role vis-à-vis Cambodia and Burma follows with great exactness the so-called "peaceful coexistence" policy of Moscow; and in fact gave voice to it even before Khrushchev (and Bulganin) visited Asia in 1955. Here both Moscow and Peking advance the same "soft" policies, while advocating the same "hard" line for South Viet-Nam; they also appear to be following parallel, if not concerted policies in Indonesia. In brief, whatever the words used by the debaters, the practices have not resulted in uniformly contrary "models" for imitation.

Preoccupation with the terms of the debate should not becloud the goal of the debaters. The goal of both Moscow and Peking is victory over all noncommunist countries and peoples. This is the chief reason why it is important to read about communist strategies in Asia —and elsewhere.

# Communist Uses of Capital

***Soviet Strategy for Economic Growth,*** *by Nicolas Spulber (Indiana University Press. 175 pp. $4.50), explores the policies of the Twenties that industrialized the USSR yet failed to achieve either "full communism" or economic victory over the U.S. Harry Schwartz, specialist on Soviet affairs for the New York Times, recently published "Tsars, Mandarins, and Commissars."*

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

SOVIET economic growth may or may not have slowed down as dramatically as the Central Intelligence claims, but no one denies that the present great power of the Soviet Union derives from its rapid economic development these past four decades. Today, when dozens of underdeveloped countries seek speedy industrialization, the roots of the Soviet policies which transformed that country into a major economy are of wide interest. It is those origins which Nicolas Spulber has skilfully explored in this study of the Soviet debates of the 1920s, debates that explored the alternatives open to the country and which could be frank because Stalin had not yet imposed his stultifying dictatorship.

Essentially the argument centered about two alternatives. The right wing of Soviet leaders and economists called for priority development of agriculture and of the consumer goods the peasants wanted for their produce. The left wing wanted emphasis placed on heavy industry and had no scruples against squeezing from the peasant majority the capital required. At the height of the debate Stalin occupied a nominal centrist role, but once he had defeated both his right- and left-wing rivals for power he took over the latter's program and implemented it mercilessly, ignoring the cost.

One of Professor Spulber's most interesting sections is his recital of the delusions under which some of the leftist propagandists labored, delusions not unlike those that plagued the Chinese communists at the height of their "great leap forward" in 1958 and 1959. Some Soviet writers in 1929 foresaw such rapid rates of growth that "full communism" could be attained in less than a decade. The more cautious among them predicted Soviet economic victory over the United States within twenty years, although one writer of the time maintained that in fifteen years Russia's consumption levels would be three times those of the United States.

Since then history has dealt cruelly both with the original Soviet illusions and with the similar Chinese fantasies three decades later. Premier Khrushchev sticks stubbornly to his prediction that by 1970—that is, more than half a century after the Bolshevik Revolution—the Soviet Union will finally have achieved economic victory over the United States. One implication of Professor Spulber's valuable volume is that the Soviet Union will have to improve radically its economic planning techniques—still based in not inconsiderable measure upon the crude beginnings of the 1920s, despite present interest in more refined Western techniques—if it is to solve its current difficult economic problems, let alone surpass the U. S.

"You knew I wanted a career when you married me."



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# All Roads Led to Reform

***Norman Thomas: A Biography,** by Harry Fleischman (Norton. 320 pp. $6.50), traces the remarkable career of the ex-seminary student who became a political evangelist. Upton Sinclair reflected on his own experiences as writer and reformer in "My Lifetime in Letters."*

By UPTON SINCLAIR

I WAS well pleased when I was invited to review this book; for Norman Thomas and I have been friends, and sometimes friendly contestants, for a matter of sixty years—and they have been years of mighty events. I am six years his senior, so I got the start on him; in the year 1905 I launched, from a farmhouse in the hills above Princeton, the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, with the slogan (quoted by Harry Fleischman): "Since the professors will not educate the students, it is up to the students to educate the professors." Norman Thomas, a seminary student, soon came in, and when later the organization changed its name to the League for Industrial Democracy, he joined Harry Laidler as a director.

My pleasure in this biography began with the very first sentences: "You're worse than Gene Debs. If I had my way I'd not only kill your magazine but send you to prison for life." These were the words with which Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson greeted Norman Thomas in the summer of 1916. And less than a year later I too had a run-in with this same all-powerful official. I had started a magazine with the slogan: "For a Clean Peace and the Internation," and Burleson denied it second-class entry, which in effect made it impossibly costly. (I appealed to Senator John Sharp Williams, whom I happened to know, and he took the magazine editorial to Burleson with the remark: "I'll undertake to read it to Woodrow Wilson, and if he doesn't endorse every word of it I'll eat my hat.") So it was that Norman and I could understand each other, even though we disagreed about the war.

And so it has been through many long years; we have agreed about the goal, and disagreed about the road to it. We have exchanged vehement arguments, and then when we met we have embraced. I wounded him deeply when in 1934 I left the Socialist Party and enrolled as Democratic candidate for governor of my home state of California. I didn't get elected, but I did spread the idea of social justice—and when Norman and I met again we embraced. When I went to New York on a lecture trip last spring we had nothing to argue about and we embraced twice.

So I am happy to comment on this book. It is beautifully got up, and is a wonderful job of research. There may be errors in it, but I did not find them. Whatever may be your ideas about social justice, you will understand better the country and the time in which you live if you read this story of a man who started as a young preacher, and then set out to apply the ideals of Jesus to our period of organized and wholesale exploitation. Democracy in government plus autocracy in industry and finance—this is what we have in our sweet land of liberty, and I do not know where you can get more enlightenment on the struggle than from this work.

To me personally it is gratifying beyond words, because I had somehow failed to learn of the ending of my lifelong debate with Norman Thomas. In 1948 he had run against the re-election of Harry Truman and had got only 140,260 votes. As Mr. Fleischman tells the story: "The decision was painful, but Thomas felt that it had to be made. In a pamphlet for circulation only to party members, he called upon the party to stop spending its 'energy on political campaigns which give us only a handful of votes.'" This from the man who had been so bitter over my "EPIC" campaign, to "End Poverty in California," during the dreadful Depression of 1934. So you will understand how it was that, when we met in New York in the spring of 1963, we embraced.

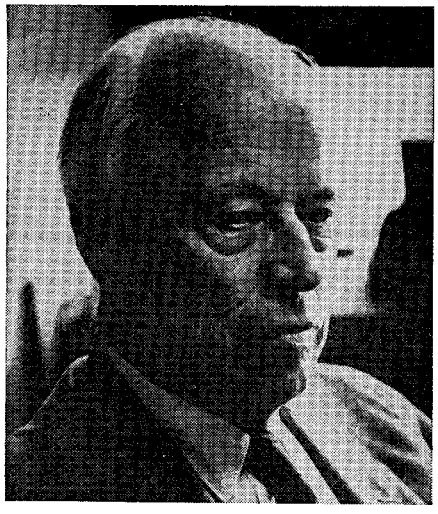
Mr. Fleischman managed two of Norman Thomas's campaigns for the Presidency. He knows his subject intimately, and has produced a labor of love.

# New Reasons for an Old Cause

***Socialism Re-examined,** by Norman Thomas (Norton. 280 pp. $4), reveals that its author's vigor in the pursuit of social justice remains undiminished. Harvey Swados edited "Years of Conscience: The Muckrakers."*

By HARVEY SWADOS

ONE OF the more fascinating phenomena of recent years has been the continuing growth in the stature of Norman Thomas, who is heading toward his eighty-first year wielding more influence than he has ever before exercised in his forty years of active attachment to his cause. As this country's only socialist statesman, six times the candidate of the Socialist Party for the Presidency, it would have been easy for him, during the fifteen years that have elapsed since his last national campaign, to have faded away gracefully—or become a monument, like those other aging heroes solemnly wheeled out on ceremonial occasions, to be heard from again only in their birthday interviews. But Thomas, it gradually becomes clear, means more to more Americans now than he ever did when he was running for office to little purpose other than the receipt of kindly newspaper editorials patting him on the head for his respectably earnest efforts to popularize doctrines that barely interested his fellow citizens.



Norman Thomas—"tribune and mentor."

Refusing to be merely a symbol, Thomas has plunged into battle in recent years on two fronts far more vital than the electoral: the struggle for

(*Continued on page* 43)



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# The Poet's Other Voices, Other Rooms

By ROBERT D. SPECTOR, *assistant professor of English literature, Long Island University.*

IF, AFTER all that has been written on the subject, a shrewd old poet-critic like John Hall Wheelock can still ask *What Is Poetry?* (Scribners, $3.50), it is time to acknowledge that the question is merely rhetorical, an excuse for a writer to discuss the kind of poetry that appeals to him. In fact, there are as many "poetrys" as there are poets, and indeed the quarter's work offers little of that "divine madness" of perception that seems central to Wheelock's definition. Yet, listening to the poets' many voices, each from another room, it would appear useful to have books that show some of the ways in which poems communicate, or that distinguish between obscurity and difficulty, or that differentiate between the old and the new.

To be sure, in this age of criticism—marked by difficult critical books on even more difficult critics (*e.g.*, William H. Rueckert, *Kenneth Burke and the Drama of Human Relations*, Univ. of Minnesota Press, $6)—the abundance of helpful material requires a guide. For example, what sort of reader will find the programmed instruction of *Poetry: A Closer Look*, by James M. Reid, John Ciardi, and Laurence Perrine (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.50), appropriate? One would have to be most inexperienced to discover value in the preliminary section's rudimentary questions; and yet, in subsequent lessons, he can surely learn by this method the mechanics of rhyme and meter, and at least make an approach to the complex ways of metaphor and symbolism.

For such a reader, however, more subtle discussions, like William Van O'Connor's *Sense and Sensibility in Modern Poetry* (Barnes & Noble, paperback, $1.75) on the particularities of modern poetry, will certainly prove as complicated as the poetry itself. O'Connor's probable audience is that knowledgeable group for whom studies of specific poets are intended: readers who can appreciate Christopher Logue's vigorous and remarkable new version of the sixteenth book of the *Iliad* (*The Patrocleia of Homer*, Univ. of Michigan Press, $4), along with D. S. Carne-Ross's well-reasoned accompanying arguments for such "structural translations" in the style of Pope and Dryden. But not even the most knowing are likely to scorn the aid of a book like *Yeats's "Vision" and the Later Plays* (Harvard Univ. Press, $6), in which Helen H. Vendler's explication of the poet's complicated "system" and its esthetic implications illuminates not only his dramas but also a large body of his poetry.

By reason at least of their curiosity these readers will welcome, too, a collection of Ezra Pound's nine letters to Louis Untermeyer, revealing his ego, intensity, and dedication (*EP to LU*, edited by J. A. Robbins, Indiana Univ. Press, $3), or one of critical essays on *Emily Dickinson* (edited by Richard B. Sewall, Prentice-Hall, hardbound, $3.95, paperback, $1.95), probing her mysterious world for its inspirations, values, humor, and mysticism. And, although Allen Tate's work poses relatively fewer problems, none will deny it has been in need of that intelligent evaluation of fundamental esthetic concepts and stylistic characteristics provided by R. K. Meiners's *The Last Alternatives* (Alan Swallow, $4.50).

Whether anthologies, too, may be classified among instructional tools depends largely on the particular collection. When, as in John Malcolm Brinnin and Bill Read's *The Modern Poets* (McGraw-Hill, hardbound, $6.75, paperback, $3.95), they pretend to be something they are not, the effect is altogether misleading. No matter how interesting are Brinnin and Read's representative if limited selections from Eliot, Pound, Auden, and Stevens, among others, they surely cannot be equated with *modern poetry*. To present only "self-contained and self-explanatory" poems, the editors have jammed out the voices of Charles Olson, John Ashbery, and Jonathan Williams; but to silence these—as well as the deliberately raucous and defiant tones of Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti, and Corso—is to distort the sound of the poetry of our time.

A similar falsity marks *A Western Sampler* (Talisman, $5). Eight of its nine poets have contributed to *Talisman* magazine, and all are Westerners; but that is the extent of their relationship. Without any distinction of local color, their poetry is generally bland, ranging from mechanical versification to acceptable mediocrity, sometimes pleasant but never achieving the boasted "poetic excellence."

Something of what can be contributed by an anthologist is revealed in two other collections. Philip L. Miller's *The Ring of Words: An Anthology of Song Texts* (Doubleday, $4.95) illustrates the close interplay between poetry and music. His literal translations and judicious annotations, which accompany original song texts in seven languages, serve not only as a guide to a "standard song repertoire" but also as a reminder of the fundamental character of lyric verse.

In Donald Carroll's *New Poets of Ireland* (Alan Swallow, hardbound, $3.50, paperback, $1.65), an attempt is made to characterize the effect of that country's tradition on "the most skilful poetry of the younger generation." Carroll offers a broader range than that of Robin Skelton's recent *Six Irish Poets*; but the best work in both collections is that of Thomas Kinsella and Richard Murphy, poets whose craftsmanship universalizes traditional Irish mythological and nationalistic interests. While Kinsella is familiar to Americans, Murphy is relatively unknown; but these poems, plus his new *Sailing to an Island* (Chilmark, $2.95), with their vigorous language and natural imagery, demonstrate his superiority among Ireland's new breed of bards.

Yet, whatever the advantages of available critical aids, the serious reader cannot confront a quarter-year's work without being awed by poetry's infinite variety. If only to gain some semblance of order, he tries to give it arbitrary grouping, knowing full well that relationships are often more in his mind than in the matter.

Some poets, of course, can be handled easily because one has previously made up his mind about them and their proper place in literature. To recite, for



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example, John Crowe Ransom's contributions to what may best be called modern classical poetry, or to the "new" criticism, of which his poems frequently seem the best exemplar, is unnecessary. Yet his *Selected Poems* (Knopf, $4)—offering a few additions and some revisions since the 1945 edition—recalls his powerful influence. To be sure, in this last decade Ransom's doctrines have been attacked by those (like Charles Olson) who seek a more "open" form of expression. But Ransom's energy and dedication, which find him revising, commenting upon, and explicating a poem originally published thirty years ago, remain undiminished.

Less enduring is the work of Vachel Lindsay, and, despite its lovingly glowing introduction, Mark Harris's edition of the *Selected Poems of Vachel Lindsay* (Macmillan, $5) is unlikely to add to the poet's stature. Lindsay's distinct voice, once interesting in its rhythmical adaptations of popular music and hymns, now seems scarcely worth listening to except in the familiar anthology pieces.

If Michael Hamburger and W. S. Merwin are placed somewhat more hesitantly, it is because they show progress and some change of direction with each new work, and their ultimate achievement seems still to lie ahead. With *Weather and Season* (Atheneum, $3.95) Hamburger may be close to fulfilling his potential, which appears to be smaller than Merwin's. At any rate there are hints of a leveling off in his inventiveness. His technical proficiency increases; but there is a sameness to his material, glossed over by a slickness of style. In *The Moving Target* (Atheneum, hardbound, $3.95, paperback, $1.95) Merwin continues to move away from his earlier preoccupation with fantasy toward a more mature confrontation of experience. The only real remaining question is whether that very facility with which he appears to be able to master his conversational rhythms will undo him. As yet he shows no signs of capitulating to carelessness.

Perhaps the most readily recognizable single group of poets is the academic; and yet differences in related works suggest the importance of the writer's individuality. What strengthens one man's craft destroys another's. To call attention, therefore, to the refined tones of the academician in Carlos Baker's *A Year and a Day* (Vanderbilt Univ. Press, $2.50) is to be descriptive rather than derogatory. Restraint debilitates Baker's nature poetry and causes his sonnets to sag. Yet his vaguely imitative commemorative poems gain authority from his academic discipline and knowledge. Tributes to Frost, Auden,

and Stevens convey the sense of those poets' own work. Like "inside" jokes, poems on Herrick, Wither, and Villon may have limited appeal; but, for all his allusiveness, Baker's first volume of verse is never obscure and has a quiet and modest personal charm.

John Malcolm Brinnin also knows his way around poetry; but his *Selected Poems* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.75) suggests that he is perhaps too familiar with poetic paths. In his translations and parodies this knowledge is advantageous. Even his magazine verse, because of his knowing craftsmanship, has more substance and charm and is less irritating than most of *The New Yorker*'s facile chatter. When he is earnest, however, he seems, unlike Baker, to have no voice of his own but only the echo of others.

Echoes themselves are insufficient, as Herman Salinger's *A Sigh Is the Sword* (McNally & Loftin, $3.50) demonstrates. Blakean innocence without Blake's gnomic qualities, Kierkegaardian anguish without real torment, leave only a pleasantly lyrical poet without genuine purpose.

In another, less significant way, academic influence detracts from the work of Stanley Burnshaw. Almost as though he were afraid that his poems would not communicate, Burnshaw prefaces and supplements them with reading notes—a peculiar and unnecessary timidity from the tough-minded poet whose work (*Caged in an Animal's Mind*, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4) confronts the world realistically and speaks in a lucid language whose only failure is its infrequent lapses into prose.

Without such self-conscious academicism some poets quite naturally recall the great voices in poetry, and at the same time strongly retain their own particular quality. Indeed, so many characteristics of Allen Ginsberg's poetry recall those of Whitman's that it is no wonder crucial differences have sometimes been obscured. Here are the demands for freeing the imagination, the shocking use of sex as a symbol of freedom, the insistent vulgarity to show disdain for conventions, the journey motif to indicate the largeness of soul. Diction is unpoetic, form is organic. Yet the differences are major: nowhere does Ginsberg have Whitman's grasp of nature; pessimistic determinism has ousted romantic optimism, and a century has eroded the freshness and originality. But, make no mistake, *Reality Sandwiches, 1953-60* (City Lights, paperback, $1.50) is genuine poetry, and Ginsberg's commitment marks his superiority over more graceful and refined but tepid craftsmen.

Although symbolized by lions rather than a tiger, Joanne de Longchamp's life force challenges repressions with Blakean fervor (*The Hungry Lions*, In-

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FBI, FCC, ICC AND SUCH

We live in a universe (NASA) of initials. (We even use initials to indicate an absence of initials; the armed forces list Private John Smith as Private John NMI Smith, meaning thereby Private John No-Middle-Initial Smith.) Russell H. Miles of Urbana, Illinois, has constructed a quiz based on this tendency, and asks you to supply the letters needed to bulwark the familiar alphabetical abbreviations exposed to public view. Not all are governmental. Answers on page 57.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. ___CIA | it yields gum arabic |
| 2. _____NATO | repeated short melodic phrase |
| 3. __FHA__ | casual |
| 4. __CARE_____ | characteristic of rogues |
| 5. _OPA_ | an orthorhombic mineral |
| 6. ___DAR__ | an Oriental tangerine |
| 7. _____PTA___ | satisfactory |
| 8. _CIO_ | detached shoot prepared for grafting |
| 9. _IRS___ | shaggy |
| 10. __GOP_____ | morbid fear of pain |



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diana Univ. Press, $3.50). "Unmoving, the desperate flight unmade, death will invade by ingrown weather." She fights against the loss of power in "The Giant Child," whose ignorance and greatness once permitted her to "crush hot dragons in a dream," but whose worldly wisdom caused her "to be diminished as [she] grew in size." Her terse verse form, clean and well worked over, effectively and ironically contrasts with its volcanic content of emotional commitment to a full and active life. For all its deliberation of language, the author's poetry shakes forth the statuary lions and sends them roaring through the streets.

With an unsparing brutality of metaphor, Joseph Langland's *The Wheel of Summer* (Dial, $3.50) recalls that dark side of nature Wordsworth hinted at in his less optimistic moments. Particularly in a long opening section of epiphanies, Langland examines nature's bloody lessons, and his farm-boy's discovery of a world in which death is the inevitable consequence of life shows something of that same terror Trilling found in Frost's poetry; while with maturation comes an understanding and acceptance of the manner in which life itself endures. Out of the wounds of a dying snake descend "Three tiny snakes/ Slipping in shadowed crevices of rocks/ to fleck the old relentless eye of God." The ugly business of castrating pigs arouses an adolescent interest in sex; the dead, the mutilated serve as reminders that "I must honor the flame in us all,/ The warmth of our daily pleasure." Whatever the cost to innocence, the boy who wonders "How could I know, my small hands to my heart," must learn "That this huge barn-of-a-world was also stuffed/ By Darwin and Marx and Freud at the feeding troughs." With a mature sense of the way form can add power to emotion, Langland stirs the heart even as he instructs the mind.

Whether Albert Cook's resemblances to William Empson would be immediately recognizable without Richard Eberhart's introductory comments is questionable; but the similarity is certainly there. No doubt *Progressions and Other Poems* (Univ. of Arizona Press, $5.50) gains from Empsonian discipline, but it is, like Empson's poetry, somewhat forbidding in its intellectual austerity and curiously unmelodic in its sounds. Cook is not Empson, however, and the differences are not always a disadvantage. Neither so probing as Empson nor so agile in his use of language, Cook explores a wider range of experience and at times reveals a more human quality.

But all this business of classification is dangerously artificial, for the reader is not Linnaeus and poetry is not a science. No matter how the poets are grouped or what comparisons are made in the end the process is arbitrary. Whatever the resemblances in the cautious craftsmanship and limited objectives of Hannah Kahn and Anthony Thwaite, no real kinship exists between her quiet little portraits of people and places (*Eve's Daughter*, Hurricane House, $3) and his good, common-sense talk (*The Owl in the Tree*, Oxford Univ. Press, $2.90), about finding small securities in a world of suffering. Similarly, the fact that Sara Henderson Hay and John Updike write light verse should not obscure the differences between her delightful sonnet comments on fairy tales (*Story Hour*, Doubleday, $2.95), in which she achieves humor by ironically contrasting form and content, and his sophomoric sophistication in overly clever rhymes (*Telephone Poles and Other Poems*, Knopf, $4), manipulating news headlines, toying with textbook quotations, and versifying passages from Samuel Johnson.

If it is tempting to remove Joseph Langland from his artificially assigned position and compare him instead with Charles Tomlinson, because of some superficial likeness, their individual features ultimately prove them as different as Janus's two heads. Dominating the diction and metaphors of Tomlinson's *A Peopled Landscape* (Oxford Univ. Press, $3.75) are images of stone and rock. Like Langland's, his country is hard, and survival is for the strong and determined. There are no frills in his poetry, which searches for ways of commanding the environment, giving whatever order is possible to the ruthless forces of nature. If there is one gift possible for the young, he says, let it be the "constancy of stone." To truly "marry with a land," do not mindlessly submit and yield, but be awake to whatever advantages you can take. If, like that power Tomlinson admires, his poems have authority to command attention, their lack of sufficient tenderness somehow makes them less attractive than Langland's warm love of life.

Similarly, the reader of Gwendolyn Brooks's poems knows that the protest which is its dominant note is one that she shares with Ginsberg, and yet it would never do to put the two together. Beneath the indignation in her *Selected Poems* (Harper & Row, $3.95) there is a special quality of tenderness. Most often that indignation is directed against the outrages of racism. But her power of anger and sympathy runs deeper than the color of her skin, responding to all victims of poverty and loneliness, whoever they may be. In the sweet, sad strains of her ballad and blues rhythms she exhibits technical proficiency; but it is in her ability to feel and make others feel that she truly reveals the essential qualities of a poet.

Finally, Milton Kessler might have been compared in an earlier category to Dylan Thomas; but their hypothetical affinity merely seems less than Ginsberg's with Whitman or Langland's with Wordsworth and Frost. Kessler's *A Road Came Once* (Ohio State Univ. Press, $3.75) is a collection of moving, mournful hymns. Drawn mainly from ordinary experiences, they sing of the "troubled life," of loneliness shared in pain, of strangers sitting together "in separate grief." Their rhythms, as well as some of their metaphysical images, recall those of Thomas; but the perceptions, the experiences themselves, have an original and personal tragic sense.

"Wipe your feet!"



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FICTION

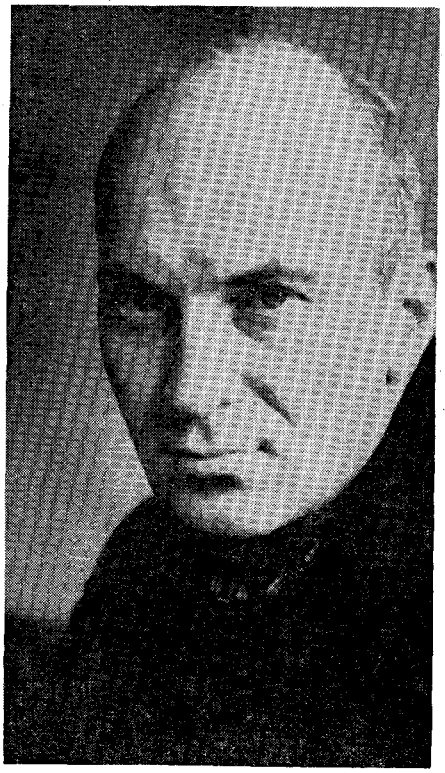
# Wanderers Along the Volga

***Going to Town and Other Stories,*** *by Yuri Kazakov, translated from the Russian by Gabriella Azrael (Houghton Mifflin. 325 pp. $4.95), are emotionally and imaginatively concerned with man, rather than Man. A Mount Holyoke history professor, Pulitzer Prize poet, and author of "The Unadjusted Man," Peter Viereck is writing a book for Macmillan on his many personal meetings last year in the USSR with the young rebel writers. Among his other titles are "Dream and Responsibility: Tension Between Poetry and Society," "First Morning," and "Conservatism Revisited."*

By PETER VIERECK

HOLDEN CAULFIELD living in Winesburg-on-the-Volga: this photomontage phrase, for all its seeming breeziness, is the best brief image for conveying the art of Yuri Kazakov to American readers, for indicating his uncanny resemblance to Salinger and Anderson (not via imitation but via a common descent from Turgenev's *Sportsman's Sketches*), and at the same time for extricating him from the various ideological frameworks with which both Russian and American critics distort so much of the post-Stalin flowering. "*Senza ideologia*" (without ideology): so reads a sign in an Italian bookstore announcing Kazakov's first Italian edition. There are two kinds of literary rebels against Stalinist bureaucracy, those who partly politicize, like Yevtushenko in poetry and Solzhenitsin in prose, and those pure esthetes who are relatively nonpolitical, like Voznesensky in poetry and now, in this well-translated American selection, Kazakov in prose.

No middle-aged bourgeois, Kazakov is only thirty-six, the son of a worker. During my three recent literary-research visits in Russia, *The Catcher in the Rye* was the rage among young students. Reading Kazakov one can see why, both for better and worse. Almost all these short stories have an unfulfilled Sensitive Plant as hero or heroine, and this on a more adolescent, more sentimental level than Chekhov. Yet there is more craftsmanship here than appears, even in the plotless plots. Further, the



—*Sovfoto*

Yuri Kazakov—"the concrete individual is paramount."

waif characters (mostly presented in pairs: Gusta and Zabavin, Lilya and Alyosha, Manka and Perfilii, Yashka and Volodya, Tanya and Blokhin) display not only the author's craftmanship, not merely skill, but his deep emotional and imaginative involvement, even with the secondary characters—and in one case (the bear Teddy) with an animal waif. For the reader something is gained—a cumulative capacity for empathy—by reading here together the stories one has seen (for example, in *Encounter* or in Russia) separately. But something is also lost; certain repeated effects wear numb; for example, the repetition of the concluding question: was it all a dream? This theme and even the actual word "dream" recur—effectively, astringently—in the last paragraph of "The Island" but recur too automatically in the last paragraph of "The Blue and the Green."

In the Anderson-Salinger (that is, early-Turgenev) category of wistful, wandering waifs the best story in the book is "The House Under the Hill" and the most characteristic (neither best nor worst) is "The Blue and the Green." Lots of these sketches could happen anywhere, regardless of social system. The concrete individual is paramount: very human and unheroic, unpoliticized, ungeneralized. The subject matter is the inner private life, especially love and loneliness, and not the outer gregarious public life. However, if you really want to look for references to current Soviet public disputes, you can find them too. For example, in "Adam and Eve" the artist Ageev complains to the girl Vika that "the political types" denounce him as "an abstractionist, a nonrealist, a formalist . . . they can't teach me anything. Life is teaching me. . . . When they talk about 'man,' it is always with a capital letter. To their clear vision MAN represents the nation, a thousand years, the cosmos! One man is not enough for them to think about; they have to have millions!" Esthetically what saves Kazakov's uneven, delicate, lyrical art is that it presents man, not Man.

One caution: what seems cliché in the West may be unconventional and brave in the East. In America today the pessimism and the mawkish, anti-activist introspection of some Kazakov characters are a stale convention. This was not the case in an earlier American era. It is not the case in Russia today, where such defiance of official eager-beaver activist optimism is both courageous ethically (Kazakov has been denounced for it) and a big step forward esthetically (from the "positive-hero" cult of the Party line).

The Soviet overlap between esthetic and ideological criticism of writers has forced many American critics, by a reverse mirror-image, into the same overlap, only with Western *plus* substituted for Marxist *minus*. My preceding paragraph is partly guilty of this process, in so far as I tried to find a local Soviet merit in what, from universal standards, was partly *vieux jeu*. The time has come to go beyond this (I am appealing herewith to all fellow American reviewers of Soviet books) and to advance to a more rigorous stage in criticism. Now that the semi-thaw has produced writers as good as Kazakov and Voznesensky, we should stop patronizing them by making allowance for local handicaps (the isolation and lag caused by Stalinism) and should start judging them by the same universal criteria by which we judge the great Russians of the past: Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevsky. By these criteria, let us ask of the new poets and prose writers: 1. Are they of universal interest or of mere local Soviet merit? 2. Are they great (in the sense that a Faulkner in America or a Pasternak in Russia is great)? 3. Are they at least very good writers, from a universal and not merely Soviet or American standard? In regard to Kazakov, the answer to question 1 is yes; to 2, no, and to 3, emphatically yes.



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# Season of Magic and Mystery

***A Fool in the Forest,*** *by Basil Burwell (Macmillan. 430 pp. $5.95), celebrates the unfailing fascination of the stage. Padraic Colum was a founder of the Irish National Theatre, along with W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory, and others.*

By PADRAIC COLUM

WHY IS it, I wonder, that those of us who have been with play-acting groups and writers' groups will read with more nostalgic interest about the first than about the second group of associates? Writers are more learned; they may even be more our own sort than the players; their connections may be more worthwhile for us. But players have their own world, one where people are less depersonalized than in the world of writers. They are more unsophisticated. And so they are more affectionately remembered than writers. When one who has mixed with players reads about them the suspense of rehearsals, the exaltation of successful first nights, the sense of life being not worth living that comes with failures, are all back with him, and he lives once more before and behind the scenes.

In *A Fool in the Forest* Basil Burwell gives us a piece of fictional reminiscence rooted in theatrical history. His personages, members of a stock company, are rendered present to us: There is Sam Hernshaw, experienced and tutorial, "with the beautiful skin that old actors have, though a bit florid, especially on the turned-up, slightly bulbous nose that Sam used to straighten out with nose putty when he was a leading man." There is Ma Barker, professional, sensible, helpful, and given to theosophical sermonizing; there is Mavis, the leading lady, competent and somewhat shopworn, and Don Francis with the cultivated aloofness of the leading man. There is Cyrus, the director, who can impress his cast despite his neuroticism.

They all know the lore of the theatre, and it is rewarding to hear them recount it, as it is to hear the stray pieces of dramatic criticism that one or another of them delivers with authority. Hear Sam Hernshaw: "Gordon Craig and those fellows had done a lot to ruin the stage with their notions of doing without footlights. Fancy effects were all they thought about, fancy effects that lit the scenery and made the actors invisible . . . In the theatre the actor should be king. Footlights help to make him king. Footlights give magic to human faces, and it's the human being who matters every time."

From each of the comradely troupe young Jeff Ramsey, who tells the story, learns a little. He has had some teaching from schools of drama, but none of it could show him what one appearance on the actual stage could and did– "The phenomenon of the theatre, which turns the presence of the audience into so powerful a stimulant that pain can be forgotten, may explain the joyous mutilations and flagellations of primitive rites."

As I put the book back on my shelf I find that *A Fool in the Forest* takes on a pattern that I had not perceived while reading it. The forest that the immature Jeff goes into has other denizens besides those in the show booth. Prowling through it are two fellows whose gratification is in dirty words, abuse, near-murder. And dryads, perhaps–the two almost mindless girls who give themselves so easily to the young narrator. And here let me say that, for my taste, there are too many lapses from chastity in the story. I use this old-fashioned and negative expression to denote my feeling that the sexual encounters have little of positive desire in them. Perhaps the sense of guilt that Lucy and Vickie force upon him has given Jeff a tragic experience that is needed to make him mature. And there is a memorable lesson in the words of old Cagliari, who has learned that preaching anarchism isn't enough, and who is unable to save his wife and daughter from misery and degradation.

*A Fool in the Forest,* however, is not an allegory; neither is it a morality; it is a season of that perennial institution, the theatre.

# Their Brothers' Keepers

***The Seed and the Sower,*** *by Laurens van der Post (Morrow. 256 pp. $4.50), probes the cultural abyss between prisoners of war and their guards. James Gray, essayist and critic, is the author of the collection "On Second Thought."*

By JAMES GRAY

THESE are stories of men at war, and of what certain peculiarly alert intelligences perceive when they are confronted with some of its crucial instances of loyalties in conflict. It is the psychological battle, brought to crisis in prison camp, that interests Laurens van der Post; for there the central issue seems to him to be revealed as it cannot be either in the wordy preliminaries to war or in the brutal, physical emergency of actual fighting. In the momentous passivity of the relationship between guard and defeated victim men face each other with an urgent need to comprehend divisive philosophies–and with the pitiful certainty that they will fail.

In two of the three loosely related narratives brought together in *The Seed and the Sower* this point is made. All men are prisoners of the way of life under which their discipline has been inculcated. The British entered World War II under the control of a tradition that had been shaping their pattern of behavior for centuries. The Japanese had been directed for a much longer time toward the worship of attitudes that were totally different but, for them, equally valid. In the painful intimacy of the prison camp superior representatives of the two cultures can only yearn in vain for a meeting of intelligences; the rigidity of their respective values is such that they are bound to reject any attempt at rapprochement, and mutual hostility steadily mounts in bitterness.

In each of these parallel stories a British soldier senses that there is no hope except through a leap of faith across the abyss of difference. A simple gesture of respect should be enough, each thinks, to show that unlikenesses are trivial compared to the vast, enclosing sameness of human need. A staid British colonel in *A Bar of Shadow* wishes that he had not curbed his impulse to express–with a kiss on the forehead–his respect for the former

(*Continued on page* 57)



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# No Time Left to Legislate

***The Congressman: His Work as He Sees It,*** *by Charles L. Clapp (Brookings Institution. 452 pp. $6),* ***and A Senate Journal, 1943-1945,*** *by Allen Drury (McGraw-Hill. 503 pp. $7.95), report on some of the underlying causes for the often criticized sluggishness of our legislative branch. Louis W. Koenig, professor of government at NYU, is the author of "The Invisible Presidency."*

By LOUIS W. KOENIG

TODAY, more than ever before, growing numbers of citizens and even legislators themselves are dissatisfied with the workings of Congress. The shortcomings of Capitol Hill are evident from various vantage points: the low production of major laws by our latest Congresses; the yawning gap between what the late John F. Kennedy promised in his 1960 campaign and what he accomplished in a Congress dominated by his own party; Congress's habit of doing little or nothing about critical problems, whether civil rights, education, health, or unemployment. Capitol Hill's recent record is worsened by the fact that never before has Congress worked so hard. Year-round sessions are now the vogue, with precious few days of adjournment. Even the oncoming 1964 elections, according to forecasts, will not deter the legislators from keeping their collective noses to the grindstone the year through, save for a little time off for convention-going and campaigning.

The reader who wonders about what ails Congress and what the chances are for improvement can take up with much profit these two new works. Allen Drury provides us with the diary he kept in his days as a newsman covering the Senate, 1943-1945—dynamic years of warmaking and peacemaking, when the urgency for Congressional action flamed high. During these two years the Senate encountered the United Nations Charter, the Bretton Woods Agreement, the soldier-vote fight, battles over OPA and FEPC, Alben Barkley's resignation as leader, Roosevelt's succession by Truman. Here is the raw material of *Advise and Consent,* the struggles for power, the high political drama, the sharply etched characters.

Charles L. Clapp of the Brookings Institution focusses upon the House of Representatives. His book is derived from a Congress made up of two panels, one consisting of nineteen Democratic House members and the other of seventeen Republicans. The groups included such geographically and ideologically varied Congressmen as Richard Bolling, Gerald L. Ford, Thomas B. Curtis, Peter Frelyinghuysen, Jr., and Stewart L. Udall. In addition, the author conducted about fifty interviews with his subjects. The result is an important book, an expert analysis, a treasure trove of the concrete material that far too much of our previous writings on Congress has lacked.

Here are several explanations of Congress's abysmally low output of major laws, gleaned from Messrs. Drury and Clapp's pages. For one thing, the Congressman badly needs more time to spend on legislation. He is overwhelmed with citizen demands for personal services. Congressmen are astonished at the things they are asked to do—from making hotel and plane reservations, matching draperies and replacing china; they are commanded to prevent the coming of Khrushchev to the United States. Congressmen pass much time back home in their districts, and there, too, devote themselves largely to constituents' desires. "When you are home you cannot even go to church in safety," says one legislator.

Congressmen, Mr. Clapp finds, feel overwhelmed by the sheer volume of legislative proposals and the staggering breadth of subject matter, from international relations to small-business problems and water pollution. For help, they turn to colleagues who specialize in the question at hand. They turn also to committee chairmen, lobbyists, interest groups, prevailing sentiment back home, the press, the Executive branch, and party leaders inside and outside Congress.

Critics of Congress's tortoise-like pace indict the committee system. Committee influence in lawmaking is indeed great, Clapp concludes, and it is heightened by the practice, especially prevalent in the Appropriations Committee, of concentrating efforts to defeat a proposal in the committee's deliberations. The committee chairman is "respected . . . feared, often criticized." The committee's agenda, the priority of its business, the conduct of its hearings, and the quality of its reports reflect his touch. President Kennedy acknowledged the


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importance of committee chairmen by becoming the first Chief Executive systematically to schedule personal talks with each of them. He discussed legislation within the committee's jurisdiction, sought to influence the priority for its consideration, and expressed his own views on the issues. Yet, for all these efforts, most of Kennedy's key measures never emerged from committee.

Committee chairmen rise to their place by seniority rule, a favorite whipping boy of Congressional reformers. Neither author is particularly concerned about this rule. To Drury, senators, whether chairmen or not, are "little principalities, owing no subservience to anyone but their people." Clapp's congressmen widely agree that seniority does no more than designate the committee chairman; his powers and duties depend upon the rules his committee chooses to adopt. If committee inertia sometimes produces too strong and arbitrary a chairman, the remedy is reform by the committee itself.

Legislation fails because of faulty leadership. The Senate's leaders in 1943-45 were "safe" men, a quality of humankind that makes major achievement unlikely. The most effective House leaders, in the opinion of the Congressmen interviewed, are those who know how much "flexibility" individual colleagues possess in a given situation and the direction in which their inclinations will take them. A good leader is sensitive to the "mood" of the House; he is a catalyst for party groups, and is responsive to party situations. Yet leadership takes on a sieve-like appearance when eminences like Sam Rayburn and Joe Martin firmly believe that a congressman's first obligation is to himself and his district rather than to his political party.

"Vote your district first," Rayburn would say. Not surprisingly, the chief complaint against leadership in the House is "poor communication," little opportunity for the great body of members to make their wishes known or to learn the views of party leaders.

Some legislators blame their poverty of accomplishment upon popular ignorance and indifference. "I am glad to leave," said Senator Homer Bone on his departure from Capitol Hill. "I've fought hard for the things I believe in, but it isn't worth it. They don't want it. All they want is Little Orphan Annie and Puffy the Pig."

# Invisible Weapons in a Secret War

***The Craft of Intelligence,*** *by Allen Dulles (Harper & Row. 277 pp. $4.95), examines the activities of that little-known cluster of agencies referred to in Washington as "the intelligence community." Warren Walker is dean of humanities at Parsons College.*

By WARREN WALKER

ALTHOUGH the Cold War enlists the services of nearly 100,000 employees, with an annual budget of well over $2 billion, it is a secret war, and, for most of the American public, has remained for almost two decades an all but invisible engagement. What are our objectives in the Cold War? Who are the people responsible for its management? What are the techniques and weapons employed? Are we winning or losing? These are some of the questions that Allen Dulles tries to answer in *The Craft of Intelligence.*

The title is infelicitous, for it suggests just another of the scores of books that have already elaborated upon the art of spying, whereas Dulles goes beyond the descriptive to the interpretive and evaluative, and relates intelligence activities to the achievement of our national purpose. That he is the man eminently qualified to undertake such a task is, for this reviewer, beyond a shadow of doubt. Mr. Dulles culminated his lengthy public service as diplomat and espionage officer by serving for eleven years with the CIA, the last nine (1953-1961) as its director; his overview of intelligence is shared by no one.

Although several chapters are devoted to a brief history of espionage and to an introduction to some of its notable figures, Dulles's book is essentially the story of the Central Intelligence Agency from the time of its creation in 1947 to the present. As the only intelligence organization that has no vested political or military interest (with inevitable commitments to specific policies or particular types of hardware), the CIA is properly viewed as the keystone of our whole intelligence structure in Washington.

Faced for the first time by an adversary with sufficient military power to launch a heavily destructive attack on the United States itself, we can insure our survival only if we know what goes on behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains. Faced also by a continuous undercover campaign by the communists, a coordinated program of infiltration and subversion, we must be apprised of their maneuvers everywhere on the globe and be prepared to parry each political and economic thrust against the free but weak nations. The major function of the CIA, in an era of coexistence that is anything but peaceful, is the collection and processing of data (from its own sources as well as those of other agencies) in order to provide the President with reliable information about enemy activity behind the international scene.

The CIA's secondary role, of increasing importance, is its covert work to help implement the foreign policy evolved by the Chief Executive and the State Department; how well it has frequently played this part is attested by communist debacles in Greece, Turkey, Iran, Guatemala, and the Congo.

ONE of the valuable services Mr. Dulles performs is to dispel myths about American intelligence efforts that have grown during recent years. Some of these have been planted by hostile propaganda; others have been spawned by the lack of public enlightenment and the resultant suspicion of the unknown. The most damaging of these myths, according to Mr. Dulles, pictures the CIA as a policy-making body, and one often in conflict with the Administration.

> The facts are that the CIA has never carried out any action of a political nature, given any support of any nature to any persons, potentates, or movements, political or otherwise, without appropriate approval at a higher political level in our government *outside the CIA.*

For many readers perhaps the most controversial sections of *The Craft of Intelligence* will be those dealing with the means of maintaining the security of classified information. How to prevent the wholesale give-away of valuable knowledge without violating the First Amendment is one of the dilemmas of counter-intelligence work in a democracy.

Allen Dulles is too intent in this volume "to put intelligence in our free society in its proper perspective" to include any now-it-can-be-told titillation, though even the casual reader can infer a number of untold pieces of melodrama. One of the most obvious is CIA's scooping of Khrushchev's anti-Stalin speech for the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956 before it was published anywhere in the USSR. Today's spy fiction may look pale tomorrow when the facts of such colorful episodes can be revealed.



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# Socialism

*Continued from page 35*

peace and the Negro revolution. In each he has played the role not just of elderly well-wisher but of tribune and mentor. No historian will be able to interpret the civil rights battle without assessing the significance of the inspiration Norman Thomas has given to such striking figures as the organizers of the March on Washington, many of whom not only belong to his party but continue to look to him for intellectual, moral, and practical aid, both in public sessions and in behind-the-scenes activities.

Some of the reasons for this are to be found in *Socialism Re-examined*, which, like its author, starts somewhat slowly but builds up a head of steam as it goes along. It moves from a brief historical survey of socialism to a consideration of its rival and traducer, communism, and then, after a sober reassessment of the inadequacies and failures of the socialist movement, to a description of the garrison state, the halting movement toward peace, and the problems of the emerging nations, all of which convince him that socialism—a revivified and more flexibly imaginative socialism—must still be looked to as the great economically and ethically progressive world force to realize the aspirations of the next generation.

What is most impressive about this book—which in other hands might have come out as a series of reiterations of theoretical statements made earlier and more elegantly by such others as Robert L. Heilbroner in *The Great Ascent*, Michael Harrington in *The Other America*, and Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn in *World Peace Through World Law*—is its author's receptivity to new ideas, and his willingness, one suspects even his eagerness, not to abandon his beliefs, but to test them in the light of new theories and new evidence.

Some facets of the reflections may help to illuminate the man who is so unhesitating about revising earlier concepts. Thus, while his basic reaction after a visit to Russia in the Thirties was one of "horror," and while the American communists have slandered him on countless occasions since then, he now believes that "communism, as the official creed in the Soviet Union and its satellites, will not be overthrown, but is being modified greatly by evolution. Its self-proclaimed goals, so contrary to Stalin's practice, remain very lofty. I can claim no expert knowledge, but I am one of those who believe that *if* we avoid war, and *if* the present drift continues much as it is both in the USSR and USA, in a generation or so the actual differences between us will be slight."

While Thomas once "regarded labor as a kind of surrogate for humanity in its struggle to organize and better itself," he now says: "The best one can say about the great AFL-CIO is that it is sufficiently haunted by the plight of the unorganized workers, yes, and humanity, to adopt some good resolutions, and to spend some money here and abroad in aid of the world's workers."

And while he himself has labored at it for a lifetime, "The truth is that to work at democracy either in politics or industry bores most of us."

At the same time, however, Thomas's idealism remains quite undimmed, and he sees the baffling complexities of automation, the global rivalries of the international giants, and the revolutionary upsurge of the newer nations not as reasons either to throw up one's hands or to fall back on threadbare liberal platitudes, but as a series of challenges to himself and to all those who continue to think of socialism in terms of mankind's highest communal aspirations.

It is this seeking quality of the man, so patent throughout this book, that in the 1960s makes him not simply an endearing figure, but a peculiarly valuable one, constantly sought after and in the daily service of those who want to enlarge the range of our freedoms and to enhance our possibilities for world development. And it is precisely the simple and direct quality of his seeking that should make Norman Thomas's reassessment of particular value to young people who wish to know not just how a distinguished American defines socialism today, but what qualities of mind define youth and vigor even in one chronologically old.

**FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1069**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1069 will be found in the next issue.*

SALOXLSBHM KBCKZM

DHXFEH K EKQQHA FG

WHYHEHOQ TLMXRMMLFO

CYHO SAKXQLXH LM KQ HDD.

PLMMLOP

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1068***

*No man does anything from a single motive.*

—COLERIDGE.

# Thackeray

*Continued from page 21*

George Eliot, we need a way of looking at his work that will generate real excitement about it. It is beginning to appear that we may find this point of view by approaching Thackeray's novels through their style. Equipped with a comprehensive and congenial picture of him as a man, we can learn to take pleasure in the supremely personal manner of writing that marks all his work, and we can learn to recognize as well that the ease, wit, and elegance of his prose gives it an esthetic value not often found even in the greatest novelists. Admittedly, some of Thackeray's critics will reject this approach out of hand. The followers of Dr. Leavis, for example, have always discerned a correlation between knottiness of prose and integrity that is hidden from the rest of the world, and Evelyn Waugh has recently noted their "horror of elegance." But in any event Thackeray's appeal has never been to the grim guardians of high culture and moral rigorousness.

If detailed attention to style is to be the clue to our renewed appreciation of Thackeray's work, then by all odds the most important of the publications concerning him that have appeared during this centenary year is the edition of *Vanity Fair* for which Professors Geoffrey and Kathleen Tillotson are responsible. For the first time an apparatus is here provided that enables the reader of 1963 to understand the novel almost as fully as did the reader of 1847, and the result is the revelation of a hidden point or allusion in almost every paragraph. I shall cite only one example of the way in which the Tillotsons' discoveries have burnished the text of *Vanity Fair* to something like its original sheen. In Chapter 21 the mulatto heiress Miss Swartz is trying her simple best to capture the admiration of handsome George Osborne. He has already heard her sing "Blue Eyed Mary" and "Tell me, sweet Bird, ah! tell me why," when she is pressed for another number. "I can sing Fluvy du Tajy," she says, "if I had the words." Prolonged search had discovered no song of this name until the Tillotsons went to work, but they were not to be defeated. "O, Fleuve du Tage," it turns out, is the opening line of an insipid and sentimental ditty called "Le Troubadour du Tage," whose compass of five notes is restricted enough to be well within the powers even of Miss Swartz. And it should be remembered that this is only one such touch among thousands in the novel.

After *Vanity Fair* is fully comprehended, we can turn to Thackeray's



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other masterpiece, *The History of Henry Esmond*. Too often this novel is regarded as a forbidding museum piece, a *pastiche* of eighteenth-century English that has only the sort of interest that attaches to a clever hoax. Instead it is the perfect complement to *Vanity Fair*. The sprightly comedy and wit of the earlier book has given way to the "other harmony" of restraint and dignity, and Thackeray's account of the Castlewood family constitutes his profoundest study of intimate human relationships.

I can best illustrate the grandeur of *Esmond* by citing the final paragraph of the chapter in which Thackeray describes the events that followed the death of the Duke of Hamilton, to whom his heroine Beatrix had been engaged to be married. Like most great literature, this paragraph is the classic expression of a universal human response. You will find, I think, that it puts into words far beyond our own command something of what we all felt after the catastrophe that overtook our nation not long ago:

> As Esmond and the dean walked away from Kensington discoursing of this tragedy, and how fatal it was to the cause which they both had at heart; the street-criers were already out with their broadsides, shouting through the town the full, true, and horrible account of the death of Lord Mohun and Duke Hamilton in a duel. A fellow had got to Kensington, and was crying it in the square there at very early morning, when Mr. Esmond happened to pass by. He drove the man from under Beatrix's very window, whereof the casement had been set open. The sun was shining though 'twas November: he had seen the marketcarts rolling into London, the guard relieved at the Palace, the labourers trudging to their work in the gardens between Kensington and the City—the wandering merchants and hawkers filling the air with their cries. The world was going to its business again, although dukes lay dead and ladies mourned for them; and kings, very likely, lost their chances. So night and day pass away, and to-morrow comes, and our place knows us not. Esmond thought of the courier, now galloping on the north road to inform him, who was Earl of Arran yesterday, that he was Duke of Hamilton to-day, and of a thousand great schemes, hopes, ambitions, that were alive in the gallant heart, beating a few hours since, and now in a little dust quiescent.

# Stitching the World

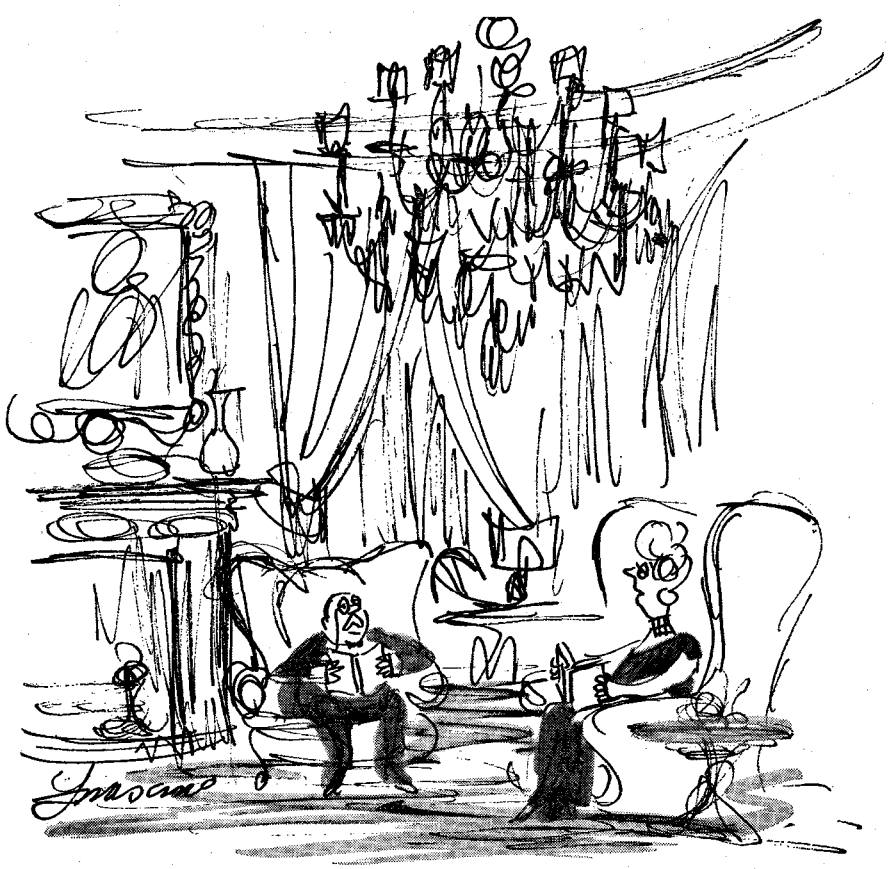
*Continued from page 19*

of a vote of the General Assembly, and a qualified individual from the smallest state has, on the whole, a better chance of appointment to the Secretariat than one with the nationality of, say, the United States. In any event, the larger powers cannot complain of disparity of representation.

In May 1963, states of the African continent and the Malagasy Republic adopted the Charter of Addis Ababa to establish the Organization of African Unity. The governments of the participating states are various, but the charter is a democratic constitution. It includes the principle of equality of states both great and small (as well as among individual persons) that had been stressed at the conference by the representative of the largest of the new African States, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, Premier of Nigeria.

The United Nations, to a degree, deserves Senator Vandenberg's characterization of "the Town Meeting of the World," but as Eugene Rostow says, "Neither the town meeting nor the Swiss referendum is an indispensable feature of democratic decision-making," and "Representative government is, after all, a legitimate form of democracy." The labels multiply: Section 4 of Article IV of the Constitution of the United States says that the United States shall guarantee to every state in the Union a *republican* form of government. In the arguments concerning the acceptance of the Constitution in Massachusetts, James Sullivan said, "At the perusal of this clause anti-federalism must blush. . . . The inhabitants of America are surely acquainted with the principles of republicanism, and will certainly demand the establishment of them. . . ." James Winthrop, however, insisted that "Republicks are divided into democraticks and aristocraticks." The Britannica (eleventh edition) assures us that the term "republic" is now "universally understood to mean a state, or polity, in which the head of the government is elective, and in which those things which are the interest of all are decided upon by all." The United Nations is not a "state" and has no "government," but one may call it "a polity" and the power of decisions therein fits the prescription, at least in a formal sense. Of course, in the best of democratic republics, one knows that many important things "which are the interest of all" are not decided by *governmental* processes at all.

The world "polity" has been through phases of tyranny and has at times also been directed by those states that considered themselves the "aristocrats." This is the era of international democracy, and "Western civilization" could not wish it to be otherwise.



"Agatha Christie tipped her mitt pretty early in this one."



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—Dow

# SR / Research

## SCIENCE & HUMANITY

**DEPARTMENTS:** Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • The Research Frontier • Personality Portrait CXII

## RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE straw boss is an old human institution. Occasionally, it serves a worthy purpose. But anyone who has built or tried to build a house is familiar with the disadvantages of the straw boss. There is no such thing as dealing with the bricklayer and thus solving a problem involved in the raising of a brick wall. The carpenters or the steel workers must be brought into the consultations, depending on the size and type of the house. That leads to long conferences among the foremen. The problem with which the process began is soon submerged in semantics, conflicting jurisdictions of union locals, relationships between individual bricklayers and their foreman, individual carpenters and their foreman, individual steelworkers and their foreman. Then someone remembers the plumbers, and the talks reopen at a louder pitch.

This happens not only to you. Right now it is confronting President Lyndon B. Johnson as he weighs means of carrying out the promise he made in his State of the Union message to the U.S. Congress on January 8, 1964.

To those "many Americans who live on the outskirts of hope," that one-fifth of the population with incomes too small to afford even the barest comfort, the President pledged "a decent home."

Can science help him open a new era in human shelter by converting bricks into houses without the intervention of a host of straw bosses whose pyramided pay pushes the price of a house beyond the poor man's reach?

A theoretical affirmative has been demonstrated in the last year or so by the Dow Chemical Company of Midland, Michigan, working with the Structural Clay Products Research Foundation of Geneva, Illinois. Walls previously put together brick by brick from the ground up on the actual site of a building have been pre-assembled within light steel frames by masons in brickyards, hauled on trucks to the building site, lifted into place as high as eight stories up by cranes, and welded together (without benefit of the usual carpentered scaffolding that must be torn down afterward) into load-bearing structures only one brick thick.

The pace at which the theory behind this incipient revolution in the bricklaying art can be applied to everyday construction practice will be decisively influenced by the reaction between Congressional politics and the personal abrasiveness of the most dynamic scientist in Washington: Dr. Herbert J. Hollomon, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Science and Technology.

DR. Hollomon is unique in the Federal establishment, whether that last word be spelled with a capital or a small initial. He is the only scientific official of sub-Cabinet rank. Secretaries of other executive departments have scientific advisors whose only authority lies in their professional prestige. Dr. Hollomon can hire and fire and issue orders that go down the line and get things done. He was the unadvertised dynamo in the powerhouse of the late President John F. Kennedy's push to accelerate the American economy.

As many less animate dynamos do, Dr. Hollomon came out of General Electric's laboratories at Schenectady, N.Y. He left a $75,000-a-year job as a GE research director toward the close of 1962 to gamble the next six years of his life on an experiment in public service.

His arrival in Washington was felt almost instantaneously. While others talked and schemed toward landing on the moon by 1970, he laid plans to better the lot of himself and his fellows down here on earth. He believed that when the chips went down, less fortunate peoples who share the planet with us would respond more eagerly to American concern with aspirations of the human spirit than to our ability to get away from it all in high-speed rockets.

Being accustomed at GE to make decisions and have them carried out with all reasonable dispatch, Dr. Hollomon decided on a $7,500,000 research program to renovate outworn segments of the nation's peacetime civil economy, and sent it to Congress with utter confidence of quick approval.

He had known that the building construction industry was anachronistic. Indeed, one phase of his renovation plan was directed toward modernizing the industry by funneling new knowledge through a National Institute of Building Research. But he underestimated the industry's resistance to official initiative, and his entire plan was blocked by the power of the brickmaker's lobby exerted through midwestern Congressmen. The most the legislators would grant him was $1,000,000 for research to stimulate ailing textile mills.

Though stunned by this rebuff, Dr. Hollomon possessed enough sense of humor to see that he had been victimized primarily by his own impetuosity. He had relied too heavily on the authority of office, not enough on informed persuasion; he had expected too much of the scientific prestige of the Commerce Department's National Bureau of Standards—which was to have been the nucleus of the National Institute of Building Research—and of the National Academy of Sciences advisory committee that had recommended the setting up of the Institute.

So he sat down and performed an experiment exceedingly rare in human affairs. He did some research on himself.

His first conclusion was that since Congress had rejected his original scheme he should abandon that scheme as unworkable.

His second conclusion was that since Congress had expressed fear of giving his office too much power, he should re-



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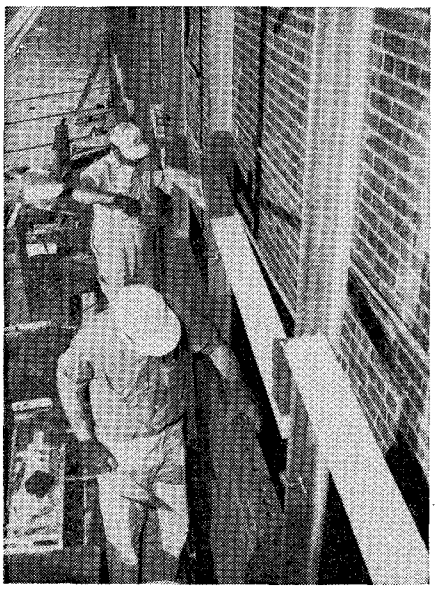
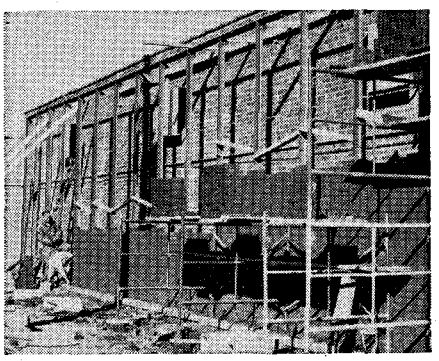




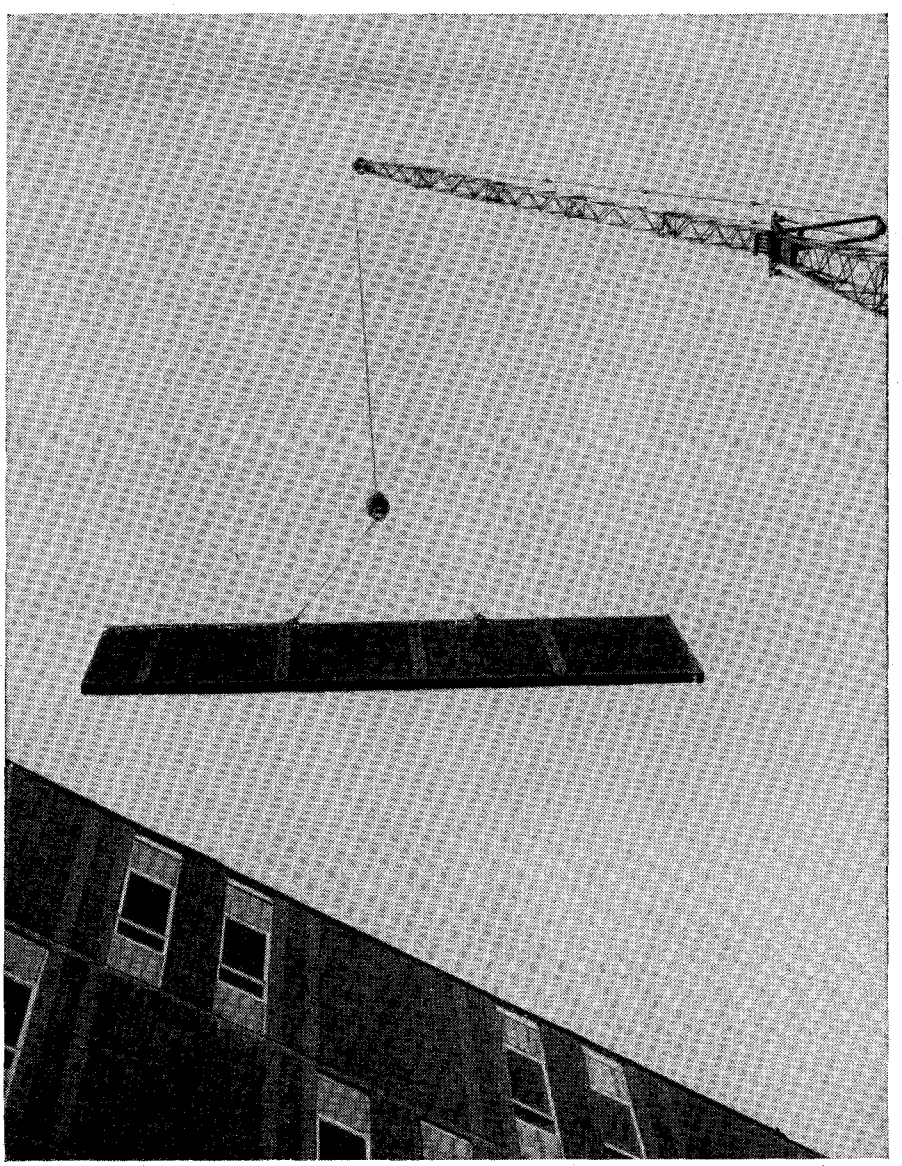
move the seat of power to a less offensive place.

His third conclusion was that he had been eminently right in arguing from the beginning that science, proud as it is of its independence and powerful as it is because of the energy inherent in new discovery, cannot function meaningfully apart from other and older and emotionally more deep rooted forces of human society.

Because of this introspection and internal scene-shifting, the dynamo that had been set loose in the political shop was better prepared than almost anyone else in Washington to withstand the successive shocks of the Kennedy assassination and subsequent events. The new President, for all his vigor as a moon-racer, had been born into poverty and had got his political start through understanding of the common man's reaction to deprivation of food, clothing and shelter.

The economy budget which President Johnson has prepared for the year 1965 does not provide a sufficiently large appropriation for building research to rate separate mention in the Budget Bureau's formal analysis of the figures. But most of the money that will be asked of Congress for the purpose has been booked in support of a fundamental reorganization of the National Bureau of Standards to enable that historically non-political agency to break new ground.

Under this proposed realignment, four broad scientific problem areas would be recognized as appropriate foci for inter-disciplinary research: (1) the traditional NBS area of standards and criteria for accurate measurements to support the standards; (2) the science of materials, natural and manmade, and the flow of information which continually broadens that frontier; (3) research into earth's ionosphere and its terrestrial effects, especially as they concern radio communication; (4) the gathering and analysis of scientific data affecting building technology, and appli-



*Pictures above and at right show new* super-strength brick wall in the making. Masons build wall (top) in Denver brickyard, using steel "surrounds" (immediately above) to form a panel (right) which is self-sustaining and can be moved freely about without fear of collapse. Masons mistrust mortar at first, but come to respect it when they try to tap a brick out of place after the mortar hardens. A bump with the trowel handle won't move the brick. Nor will a handhammer blow. Only a sledgehammer can knock the brick loose, and then a large irregular hole opens some distance out from the brick. Large pictures (right and on opposite page) show bricks in color to accent size of panels that can be made safely of one brick width. Actual panels used on this job were of black brick, black mortar.

*—Photos on this page courtesy Dow Chemical.*



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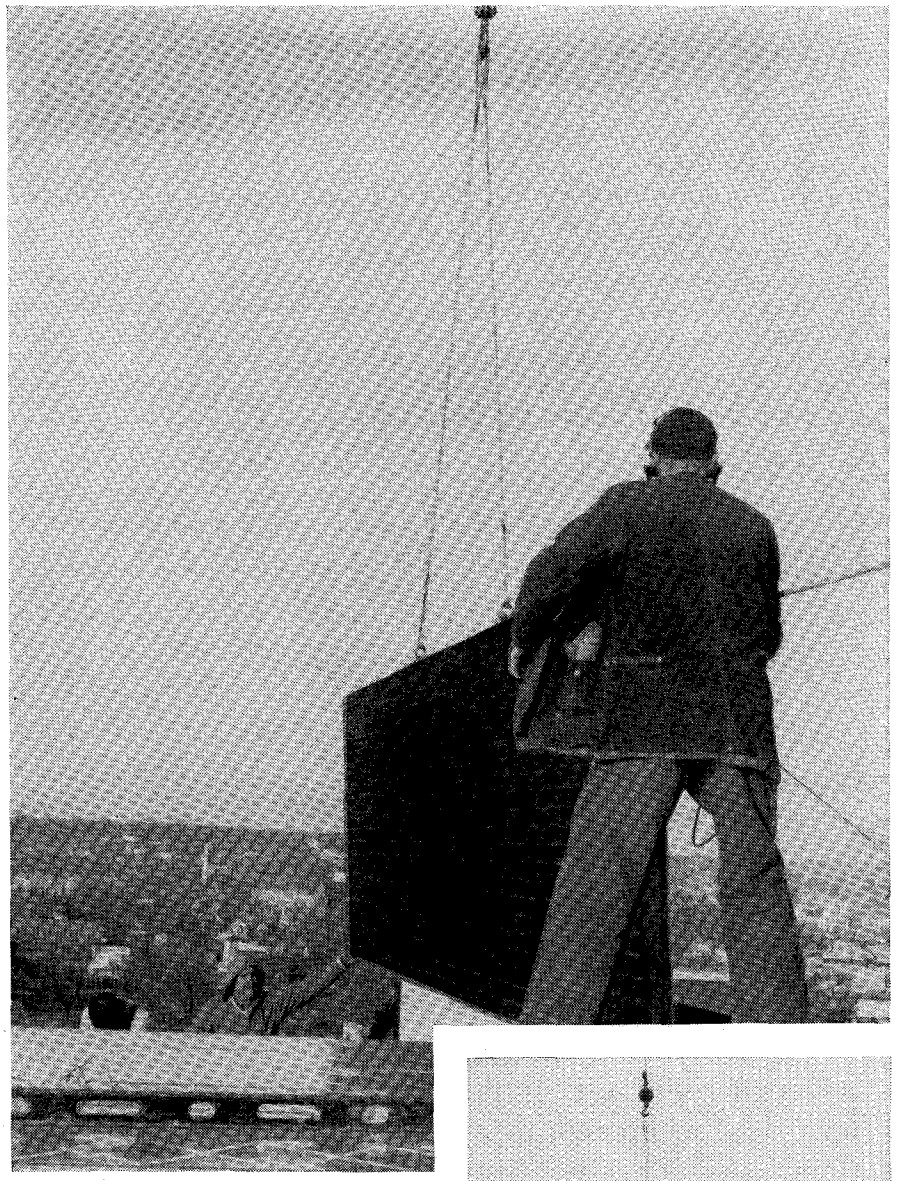
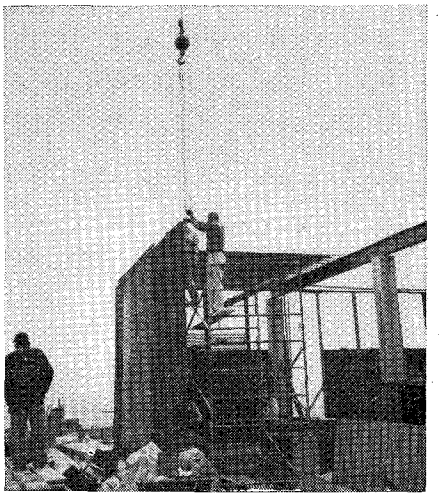
cation of that data to actual construction of homes, apartments, office buildings, factories and warehouses.

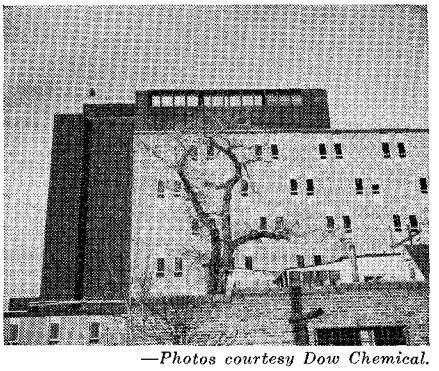
If Congress approves the necessary monies (which, it has already been noted here, are not extravagant sums), the arts and the social sciences as well as the physical sciences will be brought together for the first time in the modern history of America for a concerted attack on a pervasive problem of contemporary life. Architects, economists, sociologists and psychologists, who have in the past shied from involvement with the National Bureau of Standards because of the tendency of NBS's physical scientists to adopt a cut-and-dried approach, will be guaranteed consideration of creative contributions not subject to exact physical measurement. A Building and Construction Technology Center will be established to take over the work of the present NBS building research division, and to add new dimensions to that work. The Center will almost certainly be headed by an architect because it is architects who must bring the meaning of science and technology to the attention of builders in a form emotionally satisfying as well as scientifically elegant.

Perhaps the best qualified candidate now being mentioned for appointment as director of the Center is John Everhard, a consultant to Dr. Hollomon. Mr. Everhard is a graduate of the University of Illinois who, upon graduation from school, decided to immerse himself in the problems for which he was trained by forming a construction corporation, Creative Buildings, Inc., with four other architects. The firm specialized in assembling prefabricated wooden panels to build churches. After six years of experience in that enterprise, he felt he knew too little about how to handle design problems that would come when rising labor costs would push builders into adopting the mass production techniques of the manufacturing industry. He brooded over the obvious fact that designers have little fundamental effect on the design of automobiles. Would the same thing happen to architects in the approaching day of mass housing?

Mr. Everhard dropped out of the Creative Buildings partnership and went to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to attend the industrial management school there as a Sloan Fellow. He studied computer technology because he was persuaded that only a computer could bring together into useful patterns the millions of disparate fragments of information on which construction of buildings depends. Then he joined the MIT faculty and taught what he had learned, becoming meanwhile a consultant to the Sheraton Hotel Corpora-







Pictures above and at right show preassembled brick wall being lowered from crane (opposite page) to rooftop of United Fund building in Denver. Workman in foreground (above) takes orders by radio through earphones. Next step is welding steel "surrounds" holding bricks (immediately below) before penthouse thus created gets its roof. Bottom picture shows brick walls in place eight stories up. In this instance, the one-brick width of the penthouse walls enabled the United Fund building roof to hold the weight of equipment required to operate the building on a modern scale.

*—Photos courtesy Dow Chemical.*



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—*J. Alex Langley*

Pan American Building in New York (towering in right foreground above) is faced with prefab concrete panels.

tion. After four years of that, he was called to Dr. Hollomon's attention and summoned to Washington in the spring of 1963.

Whether the job is done by Mr. Everhard or by someone else, with or without the help of computers, an enormous mass of now hopelessly jumbled detail will have to be sorted out, appraised, and re-assembled in a totally new order. The population explosion will need to be analyzed in relation to the population mix (babies vs adolescents vs the middle-aged vs the aged) and to assorted levels of affluence among home owners and renters. The demands of the carpenters must be weighed against those of the bricklayers, the electricians and the plumbers. And all of these have a hand, or at least an influence on, the political pressures exerted by local raw material suppliers, manufacturers, processors and distributors, toward insertion of limitations in municipal building codes. There are four major codes that say what can and cannot legally go into the erection of a building: one for the northeast, one for the midwest, one for the south and one for the west. These are public documents, which acquire authority through their adoption by appropriate governmental bodies. But the documents are privately written and sold for a profit by underwriting laboratories and insurance concerns; the original models seldom gain the sanction of law without first being revised, so that thousands of individual codes exist side by side throughout the land, tying knots in an $80 billion-a-year investment.

When a genuine innovation occurs, it is caught in a circular maze and often goes round and round until it gets lost. New materials almost always cost more than old familiar ones. Prices can't become competitive until sales go up. Sales can't go up until the new materials are approved by the building codes. And code approval is withheld until delivery of standard bulk lots can be guaranteed.

That has been the pattern for a long while. Recently a new confusion has been introduced by the invasion of plastic building stuffs into the traditional marketplace of wood, brick, concrete and stone. Plastics more often than not are made according to patented formulae. Profits are fattest while the formulae remain secret. But how are secret formulae to be described in such a way that building code standards of quality and safety can be maintained?

The Dow Chemical Company's revolutionary experiment in brick construction illustrates the intricacies of the problem. This research is crucial to modernization of the building industry because it comes at a time when concrete is filling a building void around the globe. Instead of being mixed and poured and maneuvered about on the building site, concrete is now pre-shaped into slabs, which are delivered in stacks and hung on the steel framework of skyscrapers like the new Pan-American Building capping Grand Central Station in Manhattan. The Russians have gone a long step further by pre-fabricating concrete walls and floors into entire rooms and placing the rooms above and beside each other to form apartment blocks. The exterior facade looks somewhat drab, but the homes go up incredibly fast and do constitute decent shelter. In Poland, the drabness is relieved by touches of exterior color symmetrically placed to delight the eye.

COULD bricks, which abound in decorative appeal unmatchable in concrete, be pre-assembled into walls in a similar style? It might be supposed that some brainy executive in Dow set out on a quest to find the answer. But it didn't happen that way. Dow stumbled over bricks while hunting for markets for artificial rubber (which Dow originated in the 1930s through synthesis of styrene by chemist R. Dreisbach and synthesis of butadiene by chemist N. Poffenberger) and similar polymers dispersed in water. These latexes, as they are called, proved capable of adding tensile strength to cement for repair of factory floors, bridge floors, and highways. But their widest use turned out to be in paints and in coatings for paper and textiles. And when Ralph Wiley, still another Dow chemist, came up with vinylidene chloride in a dry plastic powder, this resin, made of crystals that can be oriented in chosen directions to reinforce its strength, was first manufactured in filaments for window screening, fishnets, and tubular plastic furniture, and in thin sheets for transparent packaging. The sheeting, almost twice as dense as water, blocked passage of either moisture or gas even when the sheets were thin to the point of invisibility, so that it came to be employed as a coating on cellophane to prevent disintegration of the cellophane.

Suppose this tough crystalline powder should be dunked in water, would it be more durable as a heavy-duty binder than the styrene-butadiene latex? Tried in concrete, it proved to be so. Since the fine-grained cement that goes into concrete is also a constituent of the mortar that holds masonry together, the Dow explorers were now only a short and quite predictable step away from the exciting involvement with bricks.

MOST people underestimate the staying power of a brick. Even some sophisticated physical scientists have suggested that the brick is *passe* because it cannot hold the weights imposed by modern civilization. Actually, a well made brick is inherently very strong. Indeed, its resistance to compression is such that weight holding is not a practical problem in the use of bricks. The real limitation on brick walls is resistance to the lateral and shear forces of wind, earthshakes and other shocks that strike sidewise. And when brick walls fail under such stresses, the failure does not occur in the bricks but in the mortar between the bricks.

Through long contact with builders, the Dow people were familiar with this paradox. They directed their interest in bricks, therefore, to experimentation with vinylidene chloride latex to intensify the adhesive power of mortar. After several years of mixing and trying they produced what is now known as QX 3471.2, a mortar so strong that brick walls put together with it can be twice as high or half as thick as walls assembled with ordinary mortar.

There are now in existence across the United States eighteen different test structures in which the brick walls are held together with QX 3471.2. Among them are a pavilion on the Seattle World's Fair grounds, private residences in Texas and Arkansas, a library and a scientific laboratory in Michigan, an elevator shaft in Detroit, two outdoor retaining walls, a portable foreman's shack that is shoved around on a steel dolly by a bulldozer in a brickyard in Tennessee, two buildings on the campus of Eastern New Mexico University at Portellis, a demonstration house in Salt Lake City, and the penthouse on the roof of the United Fund Building in Denver. Preassembled panels were used in only



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one of these structures—the penthouse eight stories up—but that one success has triggered an idea for an eventual assembly line for brick walls, and the design of such a line is now complete on paper. The Salt Lake City house was hit by an earthquake when the self-supporting, one-brick-thick walls were only five days old. The worst damage suffered was the fright of the workmen who jumped from atop the swaying but still intact brick columns.

It is characteristic of the construction industry that the scientific principles at work within the new mortar were not at all understood at the start. The mortar did what was hoped of it, and that was enough. A Dow research crew headed by chemist Dallas Grenley is presently working backwards to find a theory that will explain the observed phenomena. A year hence, the explanation is expected to be ready. This much is clear today:

Ordinary mortar is a mixture of sand, fine-grained cement and water. The function of the water is to hydrate calcium silicate to form a mixture that will first flow gently and then harden. As hardening occurs, the water evaporates, leaving tiny pockets of weakness. When substituted for water, latex enters the mixture like a bagful of liquid marbles that exert surface tension on each other to generate a cumulative adhesion that remains in force after the mortar dries. Since the latex is impervious to water and gas, the liquid marbles behave in the end like solids.

A chemical reaction of some kind occurs between the cement and the latex, which is nothing more than a chain of carbon atoms with attached ribs of hydrogen and chlorine. The cement, being a base, draws hydrochloric acid from hydrogen and chlorine ribs of the latex. This exposes carbon atoms in the latex chain, atoms which are highly reactive. They grab and hold onto surrounding atoms. Only about a third of the resulting amorphous union can be separated out with solvents, and that third is no longer the same as it was before the reaction. However, X-ray diffraction studies show that the new stuff is not a new species of crystal; in that sense, it may be more comparable to glass.

Dow has many rivals in the pre-fabricated building race. Monsanto has a simulated brick, Koppers a plywood, Union Carbide a plastic. Du Pont and U. S. Ceramic Tile are other contenders, not to mention Alside Homes in Akron, Ohio.

Not only bricks but many other substances will have to be freed of the strawboss burden in some way acceptable to the laboring man, whose family needs the shelters he builds.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

## LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

### The Fluoride Debate

*SR* HAS PUBLISHED two articles critical of fluoridation. In the December 7 issue Mr. Lear, in his discussion of fluoridation in New York City, states, "All that has been said in explanation is that when small amounts of fluoride are added to drinking water (larger amounts are fatal) they enhance the resistance of small children to tooth decay." In the January 4 issue he states that his earlier report ". . . did not question fluoride's general ability to enhance resistance to decay in children's teeth."

All careful studies indicate that dental caries is decreased by 60 to 70% when optimal amounts of fluoride are present in the drinking water, naturally or adjusted as in fluoridation—quite a spectacular enhancement.

Mr. Lear states: "Older children and adults . . . receive no benefit whatever from fluoridated water." Abundant evidence indicates that children as old as sixteen years when they first receive fluoridated drinking water obtain some benefit, although less than when fluoridated water is first used at younger ages. Of further importance, the benefit is permanent as long as individuals continue to receive fluoridated water. Eventually children become adults, and aging adults, so that in a generation or two the entire population benefits from fluoridation.

Current investigations, few of which are yet published, suggest that bones of adults may be strengthened by long usage of fluoridated water, which means less osteoporosis, less bone pain, less likelihood of fracture in old age. If these early findings prove valid, a real benefit for adults may be available, even when fluoridation is begun after childhood.

Much of the January 4 *SR* article was based on a paper from Canada published in May 1963. Mr. Lear wrote, "It was this Canadian report which tipped the balance of *SR*'s science editor's judgment on the question of artificial fluoridation . . ."

We had both read this Canadian paper approximately four months prior to its publication, through the courtesy of one of its authors who asked for comments. We have again read the article. It is a literature review, prepared according to Mr. Lear by ". . . a technician . . . with no academic degrees who had advanced himself through high native intelligence and disciplined curiosity . . ." This review was, according to Mr. Lear, given ". . . the prestige of two Ph.D.'s" by the addition to authorship of the names of two superiors in the food chemistry section of the division of applied biology of the National Research Council of Canada (NRCC).

Good as these three individuals may be in food technology and other aspects of applied biology they have worked in, we maintain from consideration of their review that they have not demonstrated competence to evaluate critically in a field where not one of them had first-hand knowledge. Likewise, neither of us would be qualified to prepare a critical review in their field of scientific activity where neither of us has had first-hand experience.

The following are a few examples of numerous errors in technical judgment and omissions within this review.

1. These authors mention reports from India where crippling fluorosis was reported at relatively low levels of fluoride in the drinking water supply and state: ". . . it is not known whether the total fluoride intake was from water alone." One of us has studied teeth from India and found that individuals in Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, and two other cities where the water supply contains only 0.25 ppm of fluoride or less, have fluoride concentrations in the enamel comparable to individuals of this country who consumed water containing as much as 3.5 ppm of fluoride. Water consumption in these Indian cities is two to three times greater than in temperate zones, the citizens universally use a crude form of salt containing in the neighborhood of 40 ppm of fluoride, are heavy tea drinkers, and may use other foods and seasonings containing high fluoride concentrations. Obviously all these facts need to be considered rather than just the fluoride concentration of water.

2. The NRCC workers conclude that surface bathing of the teeth by fluoride in solution after the teeth are formed and erupted is the "dominant source of fluoride in the enamel." Brudevold et al, who were quoted by the reviewers, demonstrated that the high amount of fluoride in surface enamel in comparison with inner enamel existed in unerupted teeth. They gave a value of 847 ppm for fluoride concentration of surface enamel of unerupted teeth in a late stage of development versus 64 ppm for the inner enamel. Further increments in the fluoride content of surface enamel occurred after eruption but were smaller. When all the available data are considered, an ironclad scientific case supports the statement that the maximal benefit of fluoride ingestion occurs during tooth development before the teeth have erupted; the statement ". . . direct absorption from dietary liquids is the dominant source of fluoride in the enamel." suggested by the Canadians cannot be supported. This is the key reason why substitutes, fluoride toothpastes, drops, and pills, begun after the teeth have erupted cannot possibly be as effective as fluoridated water.

3. The NRCC reviewers almost universally disregard the amount of fluoride provided in the studies they review and without any critical evaluation compare studies on high fluoride intake in parallel with studies of low fluoride intake; indeed they rarely mention the level of fluoride! This procedure is like equating the following daily intakes of vitamin A: 250, 5000, 100,000 I.U.—neglecting to recognize that the first is a grossly deficient level, the second optimal, and the third toxic over long periods.

4. Emphasis is placed by the NRCC reviewers upon experiments which illustrate different levels of fluoride absorption and storage as a result of the particular fluoride source (most at fluoride levels higher than in fluoridation), with the implication that fluoride from different sources differs in its



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physiological response. They neglect to point out in one of the best studies they reviewed that almost equal amounts of fluoride were absorbed from sodium fluoride as from calcium fluoride when both were in solution. Fluoride was poorly absorbed when calcium fluoride was fed as a solid, but in fluoridation, either natural or adjusted, one is only dealing with fluoride in solution.

5. The NRCC reviewers present a concept on the association between fluoride concentration and hardness of water which *SR* thought had previously been "overlooked." A thorough literature research would have revealed that, almost twenty years earlier, in 1944, Ockerse, a South African investigator, presented a comprehensive report on the relationship of fluorine content, hardness of water, and the incidence of dental caries. He found little relationship between the hardness of water and the effectiveness of fluoride and what little there was does not support the postulates of the Canadian reviewers and *SR*.

Space does not permit further criticism of the review which "tipped" *SR's* science editor in his "Documenting the Case against Fluoridation." However, it might be well to quote from the first two sentences of the Canadian review. ". . . enough research has been done to show conclusively that . . . low levels of fluoride in water reduces . . . dental caries." 'Epidemiological surveys . . . indicate that the fluoride concentration recommended for artificial fluoridation is below the level at which known ill-effects appear." And the rest of the review, which means practically all of it, lists a variety of studies, mostly dealing with concentrations of fluoride well above those used in fluoridation and hence in our opinion have no relevance to fluoridation. Why should such a review "tip the balance" against fluoridation for *SR's* science editor?

The Canadians did no documentation for or against fluoridation. They state that fluoridation reduced dental caries, that no known ill-effects appear at recommended levels, so why did *SR* use seven pages and a diagram described as a "hypothetical scheme" by the Canadians to twist a review that has little relevance to fluoridation into "documentation against fluoridation?"

Another review that "disconcerted" *SR's* science editor, this one on fluoridation, appeared in *Lancet*, "the famous English medical journal." This is an unsigned review. The section that "disconcerted" Mr. Lear was statistical, but the review mentioned: "the precise significance of these figures is uncertain . . ." and ". . . too much reliance must not be placed on sets of numerical data alone . . ." These sections were even quoted in *SR* but evidently they did not make much of an impression on the science editor who did attach considerable importance to them.

Even this *Lancet* review concludes with a statement from Dr. R. A. Kehoe of the Kettering Laboratories, Cincinnati: ". . . it is inevitable that fluoride is incorporated in the chemical composition of living organisms . . . it cannot, in this relationship, be, in itself harmful. In appropriate concentrations it enters into specific reactions which are beneficial." Did *SR's* science editor in his rush to document "the case against fluoridation" read to the end of this review in "the famous English medical journal?"

Now to "document the case for fluoridation." Fluoridation of public water supplies has been under way in three communities since 1945 and for varying shorter periods in some 2400 other communities. Presently the total number of individuals receiving fluoridated water supplies in the United States is 45 million. In addition, approximately 7.2 million individuals in some 1900 other communities have received naturally fluoridated water all their lives, and in some cases their ancestors who lived in the same communities. We have no estimate of how many other people in the world receive naturally or adjusted fluoridated water but these number many millions and involve all continents.

No evidence in the scientific literature exists that anyone of either sex, any age, or any state of health in the United States, has been harmed by consuming fluoridated water at the recommended levels. Many careful studies have been done which substantiate this statement. We have space to quote only a few:

(1) Dr. E. F. Geever, currently Professor of Pathology in the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, did thorough histological studies of various tissues in 904 autopsies in Colorado Springs. His findings were compared with autopsy specimens available to him from nearby communities where water contained negligible amounts of fluoride in comparison with the 2.5 ppm at Colorado Springs. Dr. Geever could find no evidence of any pathology attributable to this level of fluoride consumption. We hasten to point out that this is 2½ times the level recommended for fluoridation, in addition the water supply in Colorado Springs is very soft. Mr. Lear drew the unwarranted assumption that soft waters, those low in calcium and magnesium, increase the possibility of damage from fluorides and that hard waters might offer some protective mechanism. Clearly, the findings in Colorado Springs and the extensive South African findings of 20 years ago (previously referred to) do not support this assumption, nor do any others of which we are aware.

(2) A thorough study was made to compare the inhabitants of Bartlett, Texas, where the water supply contains 8.0 ppm of fluoride with the inhabitants at nearby Cameron, a low-fluoride community. Most members of this research team were from the U. S. Public Health Service. However, other scientists such as the late Dr. Merrill Sosman, Professor of Radiology at Harvard also participated. These studies, conducted in 1943 and 1953, indicated that the health of individuals in Bartlett was in no way different from that in nearby Cameron, even though the water supply in Bartlett contained about 20 times the amount of fluoride in nearby Cameron and ten times the amount recommended for that climatic area.

(3) Vital statistics in over 40 communities have been compared by the state health departments of Illinois and New York, and by the U.S. Public Health Service with the unanimous results that no difference could be detected between fluoride and non-fluoride communities. These studies included such important causes of death as heart disease, intracranial lesions, cirrhosis of the liver, cancer, and nephritis, as well as over-all death rates.

It hardly seems necessary to amplify the point that fluoridation reduces dental caries, because even Mr. Lear admits "enhancement of resistance in small children." But then he goes on to suggest other means of administration.

Substitutes for fluoridation of public water exist and are important because many rural folk will never have access to a community water supply. Many communities do not yet have fluoridation and will not readily be convinced of its benefits after reading Mr. Lear's two articles. However, all substitutes are still substitutes, dependent upon daily individual participation from before birth until 16 to 18 years of age, and for life if maximum benefits are to be maintained.

Mr. Lear refers to ". . . parents who have lost disciplinary control of children . . .". It would be of interest to know of any parents who had sufficient "discipline" to see that from the last half of pregnancy until their children have passed through adolescence, fluoride supplements were taken 365 days per year, in sickness and

## *A Correction of Fact About Fluoride*

On page 92 of *SR*'s issue of January 4, 1964, there appeared in our second report on fluoridation of public drinking water the statement: "Fluoridation of water protects only half of certain age groups for uncertain periods of time." This statement is incorrect. Four words were inadvertently omitted from it. The statement should have read: "Fluoride protects only one-half the teeth of children of certain age groups for uncertain periods of time."

This error was pointed out by James H. Dunning, D.D.S., M.P.H., clinical professor of ecological dentistry, Harvard University Health Services. Professor Dunning expressed the opinion in a letter that *SR*'s publication of the erroneous statement "involves the endangering of an important public health measure on the basis of false information." *SR*'s science editor has in fact conceded that fluoride imparts a resistance to decay in teeth. His opposition to fluoridation is based on lack of adequate knowledge of other and adverse effects fluoride may have in the human body.



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in health by both the child and the parent. Here it is important to point out that fluoridation costs average only 10 to 15 cents per person per year, substitutes $5.00 to $40.00 per year. Furthermore, fluoride administration in a single concentrated form is more rapidly excreted and hence is probably of less benefit than several small amounts throughout the day.

The Canadians, *SR*, and others have suggested milk as a fluoride carrier; others have suggested table salt. Both foods may have useful roles as a fluoride carrier in some parts of the world, but why hold up known advantages of fluoridated water for another twenty years, while the same amount of proof is sought in connection with the safety and effectiveness of fluoridating milk, or salt?

The literature on fluoridated milk and salt can be counted on one's fingers, and in the case of milk, involve about three score children for about three years time. Are these data to be given the same scientific weight as the enormous volume of work and the millions of people that have been involved in fluoridated water?

One of us is now associated with a project supported by the World Health Organization in which fluoride is added to salt for use in areas of the world where there are no satisfactory communal water supplies. However, even though fluoridated salt is being tested under these circumstances, both of us, to say nothing of the World Health Organization, favor fluoridation of water supplies wherever feasible.

Why did the *SR* articles have to contain such an implication as: "In assessing its (fluoridation) potential for harm . . ."? Wouldn't it be more proper to say "In assessing its potential for good, no evidence has been found of harm"? These are the facts, admitted even in the first two sentences of the Canadian review and by the "famous English medical journal".

Fluoride as used in fluoridation is not a medicine nor a drug, and is not being used to treat any disease. Those who oppose fluoridation on religious grounds should relax and support fluoridation. It is not medication! Fluoride as used in fluoridation is a mineral nutrient, just as are copper, manganese, zinc, molybdenum, and some 12 other minerals. Source for the nutrient concept? —any nutritionist who keeps up to date, or Publication 589 of our National Academy of Science, Revised, 1958.

Fortunately *SR* did not raise questions of engineering difficulties, infringement of rights, liberties, or constitutionality. The New York University College of Engineering made a thorough study of the engineering aspects of fluoridation in 20 cities and concluded there were no engineering problems that cannot be and have not been solved by competent water engineers. This has been the experience of the more than 2400 communities that have fluoridation.

Assertions of corrosion of pipes and plumbing fixtures belong in the same class with the other hocus pocus of the antifluoridationists—increase in stillbirths, mongolism, sterility, allergies, "pure water" and drugs in the water supply.

Infringement of rights, liberties, and constitution are matters of law. These questions have all been tested in our courts many times. All decisions of all higher courts, including a dozen state supreme courts have been uniformly favorable. The U. S. Supreme Court has several times refused even to hear the issues, which is tantamount to saying they do not feel any legal problems exist.

Rev. Gardiner M. Day, Rector, Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass., states: "Rights, freedom, and liberty are not issues in fluoridation—not according to our courts. Many lower courts and a dozen or so State Supreme Courts have so decided. Our U. S. Supreme Court doesn't think there is enough of an issue here even to bother with. Children have 'rights,' the right to the best in public health and this certainly included fluoridation."

Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn, of Boston, has said, "Goodness in this world means that we share with others, and help others to a better way of life. This is true in physical health as well as spiritual health. The best medical and public health advice strongly recommends fluoridation as a way of better health—for children and the adults of tomorrow. We all help each other when we support fluoridation."

Rt. Rev. Francis J. Lally, editor of the *Pilot*, the outstanding Catholic newspaper in the Archdiocese of Boston, has written, "With fluoridation, as in vaccination and the like, the larger considerations of the good society must be given preference. I hope all communities will soon join the more than two thousand communities . . . who, with best medical advice, bring this great advance in public health to their residents."

Our late President, John F. Kennedy was a strong supporter of fluoridation as is President Eisenhower. Some months ago President Kennedy stated: "I urge parents, dentists and health organizations to renew their efforts to improve the dental health of the nation's children . . . by advocating such preventive measures as fluoridation of public water supplies. Such contributions will mean stronger, healthier children and eventually a healthier America."

Fluoridation has been a reality for 18 years; for at least 18 years before, careful study was undertaken to demonstrate its safety and effectiveness. Well over ten thousand scientific references concerning the subject exist. We conclude: when one can reduce the incidence of our most prevalent chronic disease, tooth decay, by over 50% (conservatively speaking) with absolute safety for all, and costing only ten to fifteen cents per person, per year, and that as an added benefit possibly promote the formation and the maintenance of stronger bones throughout adult life, that fluoridation is one of the greatest advances in public health.

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Professor of Nutrition
Chairman, Department of Nutrition
Harvard School of Public Health

JAMES H. SHAW, PH.D.
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## *A Curiosity*

One of the foundations on which the U. S. Public Health Service built its support of fluoridation of public drinking water was a piece of research performed by Dr. W. D. Armstrong, University of Minnesota biochemist. Dr. Armstrong analyzed the chemical content of healthy teeth and decayed teeth from the mouths of persons of comparable age and noted the amount of fluoride in each. He concluded that the healthy teeth had in them more fluoride than did the decayed teeth.

Dr. Armstrong's findings were published in 1938 and used by Dr. G. J. Cox in support of the earliest suggestion that drinking water be fluoridated.

Twenty-odd-years later, Dr. Armstrong repeated his original experiments, and obtained a different result. He reported in the *Journal of Dental Research* issue of January-February 1963 that there is no difference in the fluoride content of healthy and decayed teeth in the same decade of life.

The results of Dr. Armstrong's second experiment are referred to in a letter received by *SR*'s science editor. The data were part of the testimony of Dr. George L. Waldbott, a Detroit physician, at a fluoridation hearing conducted by a special investigating committee of the Michigan legislature in January 1964.

Pro-fluoridationists have called Dr. Waldbott a crackpot because of reports he has published of patients suffering from what he says are the effects of low-level fluoride poisoning. These reports appeared in reputable medical journals. Dr. Waldbott sued detractors in England for libel and won the case.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR's *science editor is pleased to publish a full statement of the case for fluoridation. Several observations may be made:*

*1. The letter writers do not discuss the harmful effects of fluoride ingestion which have been reported in the medical literature by reputable investigators working outside the United States in places where the fluoride content of drinking water is less than one part per million.*

*2. Among individual cases in this country which should be considered is the case of the 22-year-old American soldier who died of kidney disintegration in Texas with "marbleized" bones, enlarged parathyroid glands and heavy calcium deposits in his joints and ligaments. In this case, reported in the journal* Radiology *in 1943, death was not ascribed specifically to chronic fluoride poisoning. Therefore, the case should be considered with caution. However, the caution should extend to both sides of the question. For the report on the case included a "diagnosis of fluoride os-*



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*teosclerosis," associated that diagnosis with naturally fluoridated water, and said "the condition may have potential public health importance." Whether ingestion of fluoride caused failure of the kidneys or whether damaged kidneys contributed to the accumulation of fluoride was not determined. The naturally occurring fluoride content of drinking water in the town where the soldier lived the first seven years of his life was 1.2 p.p.m. In the two other towns where he lived later, fluoride content of the water rose as high as 5.7 p.p.m. The 1.2 p.p.m. concentration falls within the supposedly safe limits fixed by the U.S. Public Health Service. The data in this case have been misrepresented for years, because of a misprint in the original publication, although the corrected figure was published shortly after the original report appeared in* Radiology.

*3. The letter writers do not deny the accuracy of the cancer incidence data for Colorado Springs as reported in the British journal.* Lancet. *Nor do they offer specific data in answer to the questions raised in* Lancet *and repeated in* SR*; they simply quote an unsupported optimistic generalization from an American laboratory which is the publisher of a bibliography that omits much documented detail of professional dissent to the thesis that fluoridation of drinking water is safe. This bibliography is titled "The Role of Fluoride in Public Health" and is often referred to as "the Bible" of the pro-fluoridation cause.*

*4. Up to this time, the theory that fluoride is an essential nutrient of the human body is established only to this very limited extent: fluoride does impart some resistance to decay of teeth. Experiments intended to show that fluoride feeds and strengthens the bones of older people have been conducted with amounts of fluoride much greater than 1 part per million; the experiments have not been completed; the interpretation placed upon them by the letter above has been challenged by a metabolic disease specialist of the National Institutes of Health in a letter published by the* New England Journal of Medicine.

*5. Since the question of the nutrient value of fluoride has been raised, it would seem that scientists of the food chemistry section of the applied biology division of the National Research Council of Canada would be pre-eminently qualified to review the fluoride literature. Mr. John Marier's work cannot be sneered away merely because he does not possess an academic degree. What he wrote was read and cleared for publication by at least fourteen men who are not only Ph.D.s but specialists in the field, and nine of the fourteen were Americans chosen by the editors of Archives of Environmental Health, a journal of the American Medical Association.*

*6. Finally, since one of the writers of the above letter is himself engaged in fluoride research abroad, it would seem appropriate to consider the results of other foreign research even when, or perhaps especially when, those results conflict with the letter writer's own conclusions.*

IN HIS ARTICLE "Documenting the Case Against Fluoridation" John Lear misinterpreted my work and made unwarranted conclusions. Mr. Lear erroneously asserted that enamel acquires fluoride only after tooth eruption by contact with fluoride in water and food. My co-workers and I, as well as other workers in the field, have reached the opposite conclusion, i.e., that fluoride accumulates to a very significant extent while the tooth is in the jaw and before it emerges into the mouth. It is precisely because this fluoride originates from body fluids that maximal fluoride effect is obtained by ingesting fluoride from birth. Prenatal fluoride ingestion is ineffective against dental decay, not because fluoride accumulates in the enamel surface only after eruption, as Mr. Lear states, but because the enamel surface is not formed during pregnancy, but mineralizes within the jaw bone after birth.

There is a close correlation between the chemical findings of greater acquisition of fluoride by the enamel surface before than after tooth eruption and the clinical observation that the use of fluoridated water is most effective when started early in life. Contrary to what Mr. Lear writes, it is well documented that adults who have used fluoridated water from early childhood have greatly reduced tooth decay. This is in accord with the high levels of fluoride found in the enamel surfaces of such persons.

It is significant that the effectiveness and safety of water fluoridation and its superiority to other methods of fluoride administration are attested to by recognized research workers in this complex field. Since it is a massive undertaking to keep abreast of the tremendous amount of scientific literature on all the ramifications of fluoridation, it is almost impossible for laymen or workers in other scientific fields to appraise the vast amount of high quality work which forms the basis for approval of this public health measure. Although Mr. Lear is better trained in reading scientific literature than the average layman he has obviously been unable to interpret the scientific data relevant to fluoridation, and as a result has misinformed his readers on this issue. It is surprising that Mr. Lear has chosen to judge the merit of fluoridation, not from the substantial literature on the subject by active workers in the field, but mainly from a review by workers in the unrelated field of dairy research. This review contains several inaccuracies, undoubtedly reflecting the unfamiliarity of the authors with the subject matter.

In referring to my own work, one may ask why Mr. Lear should accept the misstatements in the Canadian review concerning my data in spite of the fact that the data in the original paper can lead only to the conclusions mentioned above. Although misinterpretation of scientific data unfortunately does occur, it becomes particularly serious when it passes into the public domain. With many referenda on fluoridation pending in communities all over the United States, I must charge Mr. Lear with, at the very least, laxness, and at the most, an irresponsible attempt to influence voters with inaccurate statements.

If Mr. Lear is unable to acquire the knowledge necessary to assess the value of fluoridation, one can hardly expect the public to do so. Therefore, I believe that this highly technical subject should be handled by those in the public health field, who are trained to evaluate such material. In my opinion, this is not coercion, as Mr. Lear maintains, but common sense.

FINN BRUDEVOLD
Chief of Dental Medicine,
Forsyth Dental Center
Professor of Dentistry,
Harvard School of Dental Medicine
Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor is grateful to Dr. Brudevold for an opportunity to clarify. The Science editor did not attribute to Dr. Brudevold any conclusions whatever. Last month's report on fluoridation quoted the literature review made by the National Research Council of Canada team. That review did not attribute its conclusions to Dr. Brudevold but rather described Dr. Brudevold's findings as to the relative concentration of fluoride in different parts of the tooth. The Canadian team drew its own conclusions from Dr. Brudevold's work. These conclusions may differ from Dr. Brudevold's own conclusions, but this happens very often in the development of scientific discoveries. The Canadian conclusions were not based on Dr. Brudevold's work alone. They took into account at least ten other pieces of research.*

THIS LETTER CONCERNS the article by John Lear on fluoridation of water in the January 4 issue of *Saturday Review*. Mr. Lear's article mixes fact, speculation and misdirected extrapolation to the point where even the well-informed layman might be misled.

Mr. Lear bases his attack on fluoridation on his own interpretation of a single published paper. He gives no evidence of familiarity with the original studies reviewed in this paper. He ignores the reviews of the subject by the National Research Council (National Academy of Science), the American Medical Association and other highly qualified groups. He certainly gives no evidence of familiarity with the several thousand reports of original studies which provide the details for understanding the safety and effectiveness of fluoridation.

Further, I believe that even the authors of that one published paper—Mr. Marier, Dr. Rose and Dr. Boulet—would not support the manner in which Mr. Lear has presented their original comments. Their paper is simply a review of a small part of the scientific literature dealing with both high and low levels of fluorides; it does not represent any new research, and it does not draw conclusions opposed to fluoridation—contrary to the implications in Mr. Lear's article.

Mr. Lear manages to mix statements about the results of drinking fluoridated water at the safe level of one ppm with other statements about results of drinking water which contains extremely high amounts of fluoride, 1,000 ppm, in some instances. The mixture of these statements is so smooth that all but the most careful reader may come away with the nagging feeling that the drinking water in Chicago, or Philadelphia, or Washington, D. C., is going to cause skeletal defects and other perhaps yet-unknown diseases.

Mr. Lear states, for example, that the Marier-Rose-Boulet paper "cited horrible



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deformations of the skeleton in places in India where the fluoride was below that level" (four parts per million). In actual fact, the paper cites one study, made in India and reported in *Lancet*, which talks of skeletal defects related to fluoride. This report states quite clearly that "All the patients lived in a small area where drinking water and soil had an *extremely high* (though variable) content of fluoride."

Mr. Lear's central theme appears to be this: a high level of calcium is necessary in fluoridated water to provide a "protective mechanism" against the "dangers" of fluoride. This would be an interesting theme if it were (a) new or (b) even remotely true. Mr. Lear could have ascertained that there are numerous water supplies in the United States which do indeed have the desired amount of fluoride as a natural constituent and which do indeed have relatively low levels of calcium. Thousands of people have been using these water supplies for generations with normal good health. At the levels employed for health the concept of a "protective" effect being either active or necessary is preposterous and scientifically unsound.

Like the above sample, there is little that can be termed new in Mr. Lear's article. All of his conjectures have been laboriously investigated long since, and if Mr. Lear wishes to assure himself of the safety of fluoridation, he need only look through the abundant scientific literature with an open mind and the assistance of several qualified scientists.

PETER C. GOULDING
Director
Bureau of Public Information
American Dental Association
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor already has expressed his regret over having created an original impression of scanty research. His reading on fluoridation has been wide. He has not been criticized by the research team of the National Research Council of Canada for misrepresenting their conclusions, for he did not misrepresent them. He has no central theme except that more research is needed.*

JOHN LEAR'S ARTICLE in the January 4, 1964 *Saturday Review* on fluoridation of public drinking water was a most compelling argument for caution in carrying forward this highly controverted program. Moreover, his good-natured treatment of the criticism he had received served to prepare me to listen to his argument about which I confess to an initial negative bias. Certainly my attitude has been changed by the article.

But in the final paragraphs of his article Mr. Lear lapses into the kind of political nonsense which we have come to associate with the anti-fluoridation campaigns. He says: "The issue here is not anti-science or anti-intellectualism. It is anti-coercion." All government—democratic or autocratic—is coercive. The political issue is: how is the coercion to be brought about. He is quite right when he says that the fluoridation supporters have the responsibility to convince the people, but if and when they do convince a majority of the voters of a community, the rest of the community will be coerced into drinking fluoridated water, just as I am now forced to drink chlorinated water, which for me at my age is a good deal worse then fluoridated water. That may or may not be wise, but it is perfectly good democratic process.

I do not share Mayor Wagner's attributed criticism of the referendum but Mr. Lear's defense of this referendum is simply wrong. It is not true that "The fact is that referenda are and always have been part of the process of democratic government."

Many states do not have it at all except for constitutional amendments. And no state had it for any other purpose until about fifty years ago.

RICHARD F. C. HAYDEN.
Judge
The Superior Court
Los Angeles, Cal.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since the Constitution of the United States gave to the states all governing powers not specifically assigned to the Federal government by the Constitution, and since the constitutions of the states are the foundations on which all other state laws are erected, and since amendments to the state constitutions were made subject to referenda within the states, it seems to SR's science editor that referenda are inherent to American democracy.*

PLEASE NOTE that Prof. A. W. Laubengayer, Professor of Chemistry at Cornell University, who has been engaged in fluorine research for the last thirty years recently presented his argument against fluoridation to the Ithaca [N.Y.] Board of Public Works. Fluoridation of the water supply in the city of Ithaca was opposed once before by the late Dr. James B. Sumner, director of enzyme chemistry, Department of Biochemistry and Nutrition of Cornell University, a Nobel Prize winner for his work in the field of enzyme chemistry.

DON E. SPEAKMAN.
Columbus, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR *reader Speakman is correct. Nobel prizewinner Sumner did oppose fluoridation of public drinking water throughout the latter years of his life. He derived his opinion from his knowledge of fluoride's subtle effects on many fundamental processes of life. "Let's go slow on this until we know more about it!" he repeatedly pleaded. His attitude was identical to the present-day attitude of Nobel laureate Dr. Hugo Theorell of Stockholm, Sweden, also a specialist in enzymes.*

*In addition to Nobelist Sumner, other Cornell faculty members who have publicly opposed fluoridation include Dr. Clive W. McCay, internationally known experimental nutritionist, and two professors of veterinary medicine, Dr. Donald W. Baker, a former president of the New York State Veterinary Society, and Dr. Myron G. Fincher. Both of the latter two are familiar with the effects of fluoride in farm animals. Both have testified that when teeth of cattle are mottled by fluoride, other internal effects damaging to the animals are almost always present. Since man, too, is an animal, the veterinarians assume that what is likely to happen in other animals will also happen to him.*

COULD NOT UNDERSTAND your rejection of fluoridation previously. But now I do.

But *why* have you been sitting on this evidence since May 1963? It seems to me this would change any reasonable thinking person from pro- to anti-fluoridation.

M. ALBERT GERWIG.
North Hills, Pa.

Because he had written two successive reports critical of fluoridation of public drinking water, *SR*'s science editor felt obliged in this issue of *SR* to give emphasis to the arguments for fluoridation. The letters above represent only a small sample of the correspondence on this subject, and *SR* plans a special section of fluoridation letters in the near future.

"I'm Fred Johnson from Personnel, Miss Forbes, and I just had to see if you were all your punch cards said you were."



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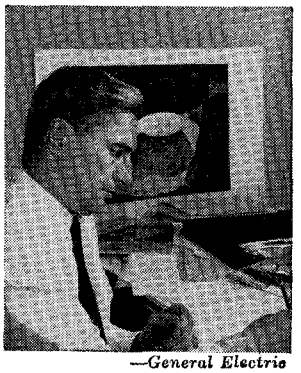
# THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—General Electric

**WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?**

*The moon is still a much discussed objective, but the frenzy to get there by 1970 is dying down. Astronaut John Glenn's resignation from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to enter politics in Ohio is an almost certain sign that the 1970 deadline has been tacitly abandoned. Glenn was one of a group of hurriers who used the popularity of their earth-orbiting exploits to exert internal pressure for breakneck speed. His departure from NASA strongly suggests that his case was lost.*

*Perhaps the real importance of exploring the moon and earth's sister planets of the solar system can now be recalled—the scientific purposes on which the quest originally was built. On that assumption,* SR/Research *publishes here a speculation written by a product of Princeton and Pennsylvania universities, the Phillips*

**BY DANDRIDGE M. COLE**
*General Electric Company*

SCIENTISTS, like other people, are always pleased to have their own ideas confirmed. So I am gratified by a report which appeared in the August 1963 issue of the *Journal of the British Astronomical Association*. This report was written by the famous Soviet astronomer, Dr. Nikolai Kozyrev, who several years ago discovered evidence in telescopic photographs to support the belief that some of the craters on the moon are sites of presently-active volcanoes. When Dr. Kozyrev first published what he thought he had seen on the moon, his interpretation was doubted by many astronomers in other lands, including the United States. Subsequently, however, astronomers here have seen color changes which they, too, believe are signs of continuing volcanic activity on the previously supposed dead body of the moon. Hence we can be confident that Dr. Kozyrev is not only a diligent but a reliable observer.

In the *Journal of the British Astronomical Association* just referred to, Dr. Kozyrev explained that during the months of April and May 1963 he had been studying the planet Mercury through the big telescope at Polkovo Observatory in the Crimea. His purpose was to compare the sunlight reflected by Mercury with light coming directly from the sun. Since each element in the chemical table gives off a characteristic color of light, the differences detectable in the spectra of the sun and of Mercury would help to determine what gases make up the atmosphere of Mercury.

Historically, astronomers hadn't been too interested in the atmosphere of Mercury because one of the theories on which prevailing concepts of the universe are built says Mercury couldn't possibly possess much of an atmosphere. Atmospheres are complexes of gases, which cling to planets in response to the pull of gravity. Gravitational attraction diminishes with the mass of the planet, and Mercury is quite small—with only about one-twentieth the mass of the earth.

But Soviet scientists, like scientists in this country, have become engaged in the growing possibility of actually going out in person to explore the solar system and see on the spot the wonders which up to now have been visible only at a distance through powerful magnifying lenses. Planetary atmospheres are being analyzed with unprecedented zeal.

During the solar eclipse of February 1961, Dr. Kozyrev observed Mercury with the hope of confirming the presence of an atmosphere. His results were negative. This was something of a surprise, since A. Dollfus of France had earlier measured a tenuous atmosphere which he estimated to be about one-300th to one-1,000th as dense as our own atmosphere. Dollfus assumed that this very thin "air" would be composed of heavy gases such as xenon, krypton, argon, and carbon dioxide because the gravitational pull of such a small planet as Mercury would not hold the lighter, faster atoms.

What Dr. Kozyrev discovered in looking at Mercury through the Polkovo telescope in the spring of 1963 was an even greater surprise. Indeed, it was a theoretical impossibility. For in the spectrum of Mercury he saw the characteristic spectral lines of hydrogen, lightest of all the elements!

According to a mathematical equation worked out by the late Sir James Jeans and applied successfully to the solution of many astronomical problems, the hydrogen originally associated with formation of the planet Mercury should have floated away from the planet in several hundreds of thousands of years. In other words, the Jeans equation says the hydrogen supply with which Mercury began its life as a planet should have disappeared long, long ago; for the solar system is believed to be eight to ten billion years old.

HOW, then, could there be hydrogen in the atmosphere of Mercury today?

In thinking about that question, Dr. Kozyrev made some intricate calculations. Mercury is closest of all the planets to the sun. Obviously, it gets more radiation from the sun than do the more distant planets: Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. Included in this radiation are protons, the nuclei of hydrogen atoms. Dr. Kozyrev figured how big a yearly share of these protons would go to Mercury because of its proximity to the sun. The answer was just about enough to replace the hydrogen that would have escaped from Mercury's weak gravitational attraction yearly.

If Dr. Kozyrev is right, Mercury now has an atmosphere containing about as much hydrogen as it contained billions of years ago.

As far as we know, one hemisphere of Mercury has faced the sun throughout that very long period, while the opposite hemisphere has been turned away from the sun. In the dark and cold hemisphere, atoms of hydrogen, carbon, oxygen and nitrogen gases might have liquified, collected into large pools, frozen, and remained frozen ever since.

I wrote about this speculation in an internal publication of the General Electric Company early in the summer of 1963, and made a prediction that Mercury's atmosphere might be sufficiently substantial to be of importance to exploration of the solar system. Hence my pleasure upon reading Dr. Kozyrev's recent paper in the *Journal of the British Astronomical Association*. His discovery is so significant that I am encouraged to propose to a wider audience some serious attention for a neglected frontier of planetary research.

Present objectives of American exploration of extra-terrestrial space are earth's moon and immediate neighbor planets, Venus on the sunward side and Mars in the region outside earth's orbit. Some advanced thinkers have considered the desirability and feasibility of exploring Jupiter and its satel-



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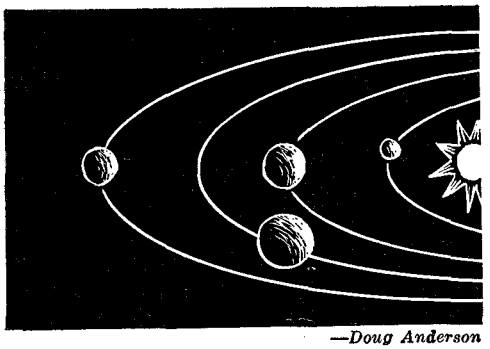
*Exeter faculty and the Martin rocket company. He is now chief consultant to General Electric on extra-terrestrial space problems.*

*In considering the proposal described below, readers may wish to keep in mind that to fly by the moon a rocket must travel 40,000 feet per second, that a soft landing on the moon requires a velocity of 49,000 f.p.s., a return-to-earth takeoff from the moon 9,000 f.p.s., and a trip to the moon and back to earth 58,000 f.p.s. Comparable figures for Eros and other asteroids orbiting near earth are 42,000 f.p.s., 45,000 f.p.s., 4,000 f.p.s., and 49,000 f.p.s. For Mars: 43,000 f.p.s., 45,000 f.p.s., 21,000 f.p.s. and 66,000 f.p.s. Mercury: 46,000 f.p.s., 48,000 f.p.s., 32,000 f.p.s., 80,000 f.p.s. Venus: 42,000 f.p.s., 44,000 f.p.s., 39,000 f.p.s., 83,000 f.p.s.*



—Doug Anderson

lite system, or Saturn and its satellites. Mercury somehow has escaped much cognizance, although it could be at least as important to science as the closer objects.

In terms of velocity requirements for vehicles that would be involved in such expeditions, there are five or six classes of astronautical objectives which might reasonably be included within the technological limitations of the 1960s and 1970s rather than the three objectives usually listed. (See note above for data.) These are, in the order of averaged difficulty and desirability for various kinds of trips: the moon, Mars, Eros and other asteroids which approach the earth's vicinity, Mercury, Venus and possibly Jupiter. By a quirk of circumstance, it was Venus—fifth on the feasibility list—which yielded the first new scientific data to an American space probe.

Mercury is at least as interesting as the other objectives on this list, and in some respects it is of unique interest. Never having been exposed to solar heating, the dark side of Mercury should be the coldest spot in the solar system. Its very tenuous atmosphere would be an ineffective medium for convective transfer of heat from the hot side.

MERCURY is the only planet in the solar system where such circumstances are known to prevail. Even by travelling all the way out to Pluto we could not investigate the characteristics and effects of such a giant "deep freeze." The dark side of Mercury may be the greatest storehouse of light elements in the inner solar system, except for earth itself. If so, we have a potential source of supplies for future manned bases or colonies. The permanent shielding of Mercury's cold hemisphere from types of radiation other than thermal radiation also might lead to scientific discoveries of the first magnitude.

The hemisphere of Mercury facing the sun undoubtedly includes the hottest solid surfaces on any of the planets. It may contain large accumulations of hot liquids which could not exist in the molten state anywhere else in the solar system. Other unusual effects may also have resulted from constant exposure of that hemisphere to high intensity solar radiation other than thermal.

The twilight zone of Mercury likewise is unique in the solar system and could hold many surprises for earth's scientists. Because Mercury's orbit is quite elliptical and the planet's rate of spin is constant, an apparent wobbling occurs with respect to the direction of the sun. Thus, some forty per cent of the area of the planet passes through alternate light and dark periods as long as eighty-eight earth days and nights.

In the twilight zone there are not only cyclic changes in temperature but a moderate average temperature (particularly a few feet below the surface). It is possible that in ages past—if not now—frozen gases from the edges of the cold hemisphere were melted during the warm spells and that liquid water and an atmosphere of light gases formed. In short, there may have been a pre-biotic environment. Evolution of life in this zone cannot be excluded: perhaps a migratory form of life that followed the sun. Earthly animals could easily maintain an average migration speed of one and a half miles per hour, which is the speed at which the terminator (line between day and night) on Mercury moves.

HOW closely this life might resemble life on earth must be speculative. Creatures on Mercury possibly could not depend on Mercury's rarified atmosphere for a continuous supply of life-supporting gases. Rather they would have to depend on a closed-cycle symbiotic system similar to what we ourselves would use on the moon or on planets other than earth. This Mercurian life might include animals and plants which continually exchanged solid, liquid or gaseous nutrients within a closed capsule or shell. Whether such creatures would move with the sun or would have cyclic active and dormant phases is again purely speculative. However, we need not rule out earth-like carbon-based life.

A major aspect of the exploration of Mercury has received little or no attention. This is the possible value of even a tenuous atmosphere in decelerating a spacecraft prior to landing. Estimates by Dollfus give a value of one to three millibars for the atmosphere of Mercury. Such is the pressure of earth's atmosphere at altitudes of 130,000 to 150,000 feet. For most practical purposes, this is a vacuum. However, vehicles re-entering earth's atmosphere (even the relatively high density space capsules recovered to date) undergo their greatest deceleration about 200,000 feet.

Times favorable for launching expeditions to Mercury occur about once a year, compared to once in eighteen months for Venus and once in twenty-six months for Mars. Thus probes such as Pioneer, Mariner and Voyager could be used more frequently and more effectively.

Dr. Kozyrev's discovery supports my thesis in three important respects. First, his confirmation of the atmospheric density estimated by Dollfus strongly underlies the possibility of atmospheric deceleration of spacecraft approaching Mercury. This brings a Mercurian voyage down from the unattainable to approximately the level of difficulty of a Martian or Venutian flight. Second, the discovery in the Mercurian atmosphere of hydrogen, one of the basic life elements and the ideal nuclear rocket propellent, lends greater credence to the belief that we could go there and live there and that life may already exist on Mercury. And finally, Dr. Kozyrev's discovery is important just because it was so unexpected. Once more it reminds us how little we really know about other planets and how great will be the excitement of new discovery for the first explorers who land on a new world.



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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XCII

# THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SON

*Walter Sullivan, Jr.*

ALL science writers are explorers by trade. They search the crevices of other men's minds, the pages of journals and books that other men write, the laboratory glassware that other men make, the holes that other men dig in the earth, and the pathways that other men plow through the sea and the atmosphere. But they rarely get very far off the seats of their pants on their own expeditions. Among them Walter Sullivan, Jr., science editor of the *New York Times* beginning with the year 1964, walks so quietly on his long, thin legs that few are aware of his uniqueness: He is personally involved in his explorations.

He began them at the age of 16, by exploring time. While a student at Groton, he hitched a ride to Alaska with a paleontological expedition from the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, his home town. In permafrost exposed by dredges of placer gold mines near Fairbanks, he found a bison's forefoot, with the skin intact and hairy after 20,000 years of burial. That dead and frozen foot kicked him psychologically with a force that Sigmund Freud would never have imagined.

After thawing out from the Alaskan experience, the teen-age Sullivan next explored medicine, in his first year at Yale. To please his father, he wandered into law in the following year. The hallways of the law were dusty, so he explored music in company with Paul Hindemith, bowing his way on a cello through various recitals of the Yale Trio and concerts of the New Haven Symphony Orchestra.

In the summer of 1939, he explored the editorial desks of the *New York Times* as a copyboy. Out of Yale in 1940, he moved on to the *Times* library of pictures and historical data, then into the composing room to help compile the news index. The first advices of his adventures sent to the outside world were written in the ribbon of bright lights that rippled the hem of the lower skirts of the *Times* tower and enlightened passing throngs in Times Square.

In 1941, he explored violence and death as a junior officer in the U. S. Navy, taking part in the invasion of a dozen Japanese-occupied islands in the Pacific. That this was duty and that his heart was elsewhere he demonstrated by writing the first newspaper story of his career, for the *New York Herald Tribune*, about the pianistic ecstasies with which Dame Myra Hess softened the terror of Hitler's aerial blitz of the city of London.

Sullivan's first story for the front page, however, was a science story, and the page was in the *Times*. History may remark it, for his subject was radioactive fallout from the first nuclear explosion at Alamogordo, New Mexico. The Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, N.Y., had discovered that its films were fogging all over the country while in apparently impenetrable storage cases. It was the initial warning of a horror that has hung over mankind ever since.

The 20,000-year-old bison foot he had dug from Alaska's frozen earth a dozen years earlier now began to haunt Sullivan. Having done his cub reporting stint of obituaries, accounts of local club meetings, and such, he persuaded the *Times* to allow him to accept U. S. Navy transport to the Arctic. The resulting series of stories were so well done that he won an assignment to the opposite pole: in Antarctica, a land then mostly unseen by any human eye.

In 1948, while swinging peacefully around the Pacific islands he had first seen in the throes of war, Sullivan was momentarily marooned on a tiny speck of land after the plane he had been riding from New Guinea to the Philippines got lost and ditched, out of gas, in the sea. Thus dramatically reminded of his presence in a region where good reporters were scarce, the *Times* sent Sullivan to China.

TRUE to his exploring instinct, he traveled northwest across the Gobi desert and beyond. He was back in the *Times* headquarters in Shanghai in time to endure the Communist siege of the city. For five months after Shanghai fell to the Communists, he continued to write news dispatches from there. Then, because the United States government refused to recognize the new Chinese regime, he had to leave. He was aboard an American freighter running the Nationalist Chinese blockade of the mainland when the ship was attacked from the air by an American-made plane in Nationalist Chinese hands.

Before leaving China, Sullivan explored the realms of love with a U. S. Information Agency editor, Miss Mary Barrett. They married in 1950, moved from Hong Kong to Korea, from Korea to Paris for the United Nations Assembly of 1951-52, and from Paris to Germany.

—*New York Times*

. . . a scholarly explorer . . .

On home leave from the German assignment, Sullivan felt the pull of the Antarctic's loneliness again and tried to arrange a *New York Times* expedition to the bottom of the world. The *Times* compromised by allowing him to ride a U.S. Navy icebreaker around the fringes of the continent. He was the only newsman aboard. He talked to his wife in Connecticut by radiophone from the ship every day. The voyage turned out to be a reconnaissance for the International Geophysical Year, a globe-girdling study of the earthly effects of the sun during eighteen months of the stormy phase of the solar cycle. The IGY in turn became a prelude to the International Year of the Quiet Sun, which began with 1964.

THE *New York Times* remembers Walter Sullivan, Sr., as the advertising manager who helped the late Adolf Ochs pull the paper out of bankruptcy. Those were unquiet days. Today the *Times* is notoriously affluent, a fitting place for a gentler member of the Sullivan family (of which the third generation includes Walter, Jr.'s three children).

Society's greatest present need is men with sufficiently broad experience to view the new discoveries of science in full significance of their content. Sullivan's preparedness is attested by the George Polk Memorial Award and the Westinghouse Award of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Readers of the *Times* are fortunate in the assurance that on the science news desk of that powerful newspaper this will be the year of the quiet son, a scholarly explorer who knows intellectual truth and physical courage.

—WILL JONATHAN.



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# Fiction

*Continued from page 40*

commandant of a Japanese prison, the formidable Hara, who had been his savage but sometimes whimsically sensitive keeper. Such a sign of acceptance might have made brotherhood a reality to Hara, and sent him to his execution as a war criminal with some feeling of mitigation of his own tragedy and that of his country.

Van der Post has chosen a bold, demanding theme. He must be offered, in his turn, the respect owed a writer who dares confront the most significant of crises. But it must be admitted that his treatment of this material is more audacious than it is powerful or moving. He does not pretend, of course, that he has discovered Prometheus under the skin of a British officer. But something larger in the way of passion than the author seems able to grasp is needed to justify his effort to dramatize the idea of saving humanity by giving it a new kind of divine fire. Kissing a murdering bully hardly seems to be enough; indeed, it seems embarrassingly sentimental. Even Hemingway, though he dared do all that might become a tough-tender soldier, would have been abashed at the effort to make such a scene believable. It would require the genius of a Kierkegaard to render this "leap of the absurd" impressive.

AS stylist, van der Post suffers from a similar superabundance of boldness and insufficiency of tact. He is the victim of his own fluency, carried away on a tide of figurative language. His prose-poetry is sometimes dazzingly effective in the description of a physical scene, but in psychological analyses it often inundates both sentiment and sense.

Most writers spend their lives presenting variations on a single obsession; fortunate the man who puts his hands on a good one. It would be interesting if Laurens van der Post were to try the same theme again. Next time he might be less exuberant and more searching.

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1. acaCIA. 2. ostiNATO. 3. ofFHAnd. 4. piCAREsque. 5. tOPAz. 6. manDARin. 7. accePTAble. 8. sCIOn. 9. hIRSute. 10. alGOPhobia.


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(Continued from page 57)

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(Continued from page 59)

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1556

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

## DEFINITIONS

A. When "the nightingale woke me" in the old ballad (2 wds.).

B. Overact (jocose).

C. Nickname for the Oregonian.

D. Entad.

E. Facing toward the direction from which an overriding glacier impinged.

F. Put on.

G. Appalling.

H. First part of David Harum's famous forecast, ending "an' mebbe an' mebbe not" (3 wds.).

I. Large long vessel usually made of wood to hold water or fodder.

J. Cut away, without skill or definite purpose (2 wds.).

K. Incited, encouraged, to action.

L. Xanthic.

M. Person whose office is a shrievalty.

N. In games, nearest to the object sought.

## WORDS

126 45 21 99 56 37 118 102 94

51 83 26 4 19

58 100 46 164 91 185 7

106 88 189 23 18 39

113 174 60 20 132

80 82 139 166 192 193

178 180 209 175 5 200 150

59 172 136 71 108 93 32 188

196 207 92 148 140 191

50 135 141 62 98 117 199

120 89 162 168 24

44 194 144 151 198 129 64 202 177

16 128 208 104 31 158 6

197 131 29 190 105 70 63

## DEFINITIONS

O. Wool by-products, short coarse pieces, etc. (comp.).

P. Socially responsive and demonstrative.

Q. Close, warm relationship.

R. Angular projection for gripping, grinding, cutting.

S. Dramatic climaxes.

T. Amer. explorer, with Amundsen, Hubert Wilkins, etc. (1880-1951).

U. Artificial covering of a good road.

V. Refreshing drink as widely used in British colonies (2 wds.).

W. Still in the shell.

X. Forlorn.

Y. Celebrating victory.

Z. Means by which the wicked relatives in old fairy tales produced insincere tears (2 wds.).

$Z^1$. The young lover in Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*.

$Z^2$. Constituent principles.

## WORDS

116 184 77 137 109 112 127 81

114 48 53 90 14 78 161 33

36 181 15 149 54 165 110

159 163 76 40 130

86 124 138 206 156 170 3

133 186 73 153 123 2 52 75 204

134 147 167 28 1 66 35 49

187 55 65 47 115 169 96 34 125 155 8

97 38 203 121 176 146 30 103 145

27 160 154 111 61 11 72 183 84

12 201 157 143 171 17 22 43 179 122

119 195 68 142 210 13 41 79

74 205 173 152 67 85 95

57 25 107 9 10 101 87 69 182 42

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | 1 U | 2 T | 3 S | 4 B | | 5 G | 6 M | | 7 C | 8 V | 9 $Z^2$ | | 10 $Z^2$ | | | |
| 11 X | 12 Y | 13 Z | 14 P | 15 Q | 16 M | | 17 Y | 18 D | 19 B | 20 E | 21 A | | 22 Y | 23 D | 24 K | | 25 $Z^2$ | | | |
| 26 B | 27 X | 28 U | 29 N | 30 W | 31 M | 32 H | 33 P | | 34 V | 35 U | 36 Q | 37 A | 38 W | 39 D | | 40 R | 41 Z | | | |
| | 42 $Z^2$ | 43 Y | 44 L | | 45 A | 46 C | 47 V | 48 P | 49 U | | 50 J | 51 B | 52 T | | 53 P | 54 Q | 55 V | | | |
| | 56 A | 57 $Z^2$ | 58 C | | 59 H | 60 E | 61 X | 62 J | | 63 N | 64 L | 65 V | 66 U | 67 $Z^1$ | | 68 Z | 69 $Z^2$ | | | |
| 70 N | | 71 H | 72 X | 73 T | 74 $Z^1$ | | 75 T | 76 R | | 77 O | 78 P | 79 Z | 80 F | | 81 O | 82 F | 83 B | | | |
| 84 X | 85 $Z^1$ | 86 S | 87 $Z^2$ | 88 D | 89 K | | 90 P | 91 C | 92 I | 93 H | | 94 A | 95 $Z^1$ | | 96 V | 97 W | 98 J | | | |
| 99 A | 100 C | | 101 $Z^2$ | 102 A | 103 W | 104 M | 105 N | | 106 D | 107 $Z^2$ | | 108 H | 109 O | | 110 Q | 111 X | 112 O | | | |
| 113 E | 114 P | 115 V | | 116 O | 117 J | | 118 A | 119 Z | 120 K | 121 W | 122 Y | | 123 T | 124 S | 125 V | 126 A | 127 O | | | |
| 128 M | | 129 L | 130 R | 131 N | 132 E | 133 T | | 134 U | 135 J | 136 H | 137 O | 138 S | 139 F | 140 I | | 141 J | 142 Z | | | |
| 143 Y | 144 L | 145 W | | 146 W | 147 U | 148 I | 149 Q | 150 G | | 151 L | 152 $Z^1$ | 153 T | 154 X | | 155 V | 156 S | 157 Y | | | |
| 158 M | 159 R | 160 X | 161 P | 162 K | | 163 R | 164 C | | 165 Q | 166 F | 167 U | 168 K | 169 V | 170 S | 171 Y | 172 H | 173 $Z^1$ | | | |
| 174 E | 175 G | | 176 W | 177 L | 178 G | 179 Y | | 180 G | 181 Q | 182 $Z^2$ | 183 X | | 184 O | 185 C | 186 T | 187 V | 188 H | | | |
| 189 D | | 190 N | 191 I | 192 F | | 193 F | 194 L | 195 Z | 196 I | 197 N | | 198 L | 199 J | | 200 G | 201 Y | 202 L | | | |
| | 203 W | | 204 T | | 205 $Z^1$ | | 206 S | 207 I | 208 M | 209 G | 210 Z | | | | | | | | | |

**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.**



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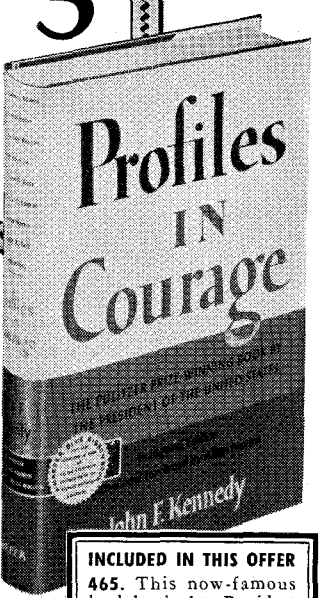


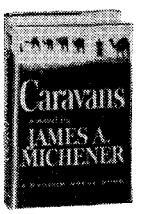


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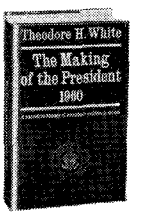


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